The Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXV MARCH, 1938 No. 3

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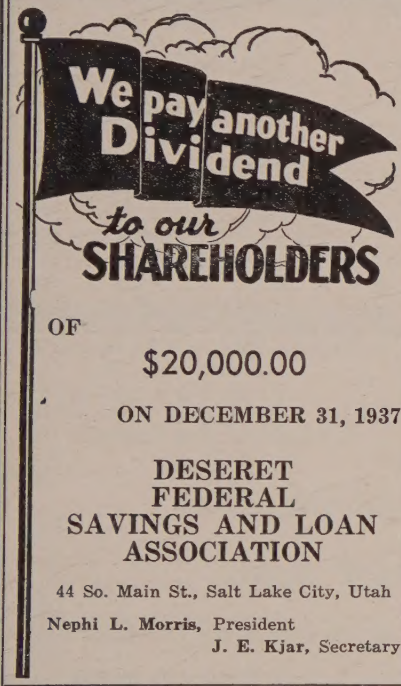

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXV MARCH, 1938 No. 3

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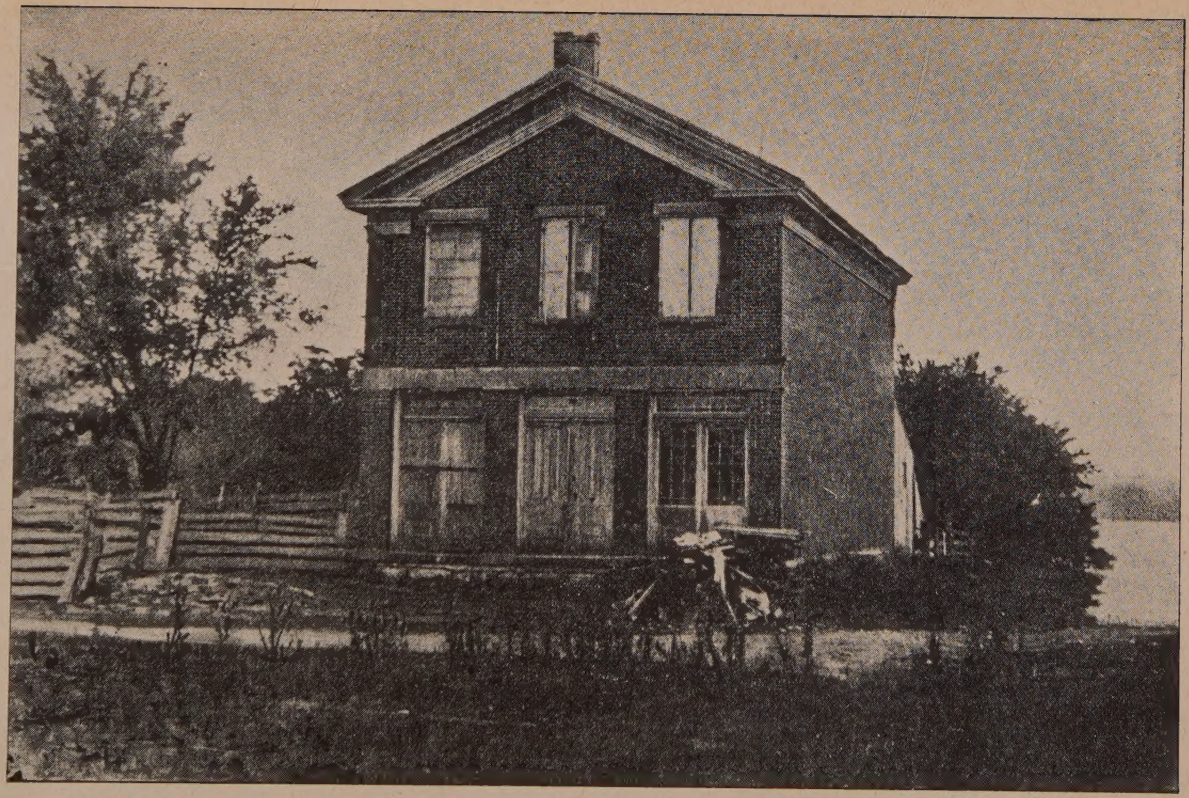
PERSPECTIVE

By Gertrude Perry Stanton

The mountains rise in grandeur
From the spreading plain below;
Slopes darkly green with pine trees,
Bare summits crowned with snow.
They catch the rose of the sunset,
And the glowing dawn's pure light,—
But I live so close to the foothills
That the mountains are out of sight!

There are heights of growth for the spirit
That rise above sordid care,
There are beauty and strength uplifting
In that loftier, clearer air.
Shall the trivial daily trials
Loom so large before my eyes
That they hide the Blessed Mountains
Stretching up to sunlit skies?



JOSEPH SMITH'S STORE, NAUVOO, ILLINOIS
Birthplace of Relief Society

The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXV MARCH, 1938 No. 3

Birthday Wish

By President Louise Y. Robison

MARCH Seventeenth! The anniversary of a day made memorable by the organization of Relief Society, almost a century ago. Many women in twenty-two nations are this day expressing gratitude for the opportunity for development which has come to them through Relief Society.

THE organization has made an enviable record through its service to humanity, but what of the individual member? Has faith in God been strengthened through the study of the scriptures? Are women more loyal citizens and better mothers through the study of outlined lessons? Are they able to carry these ideals safely through the various exigencies of life in a somewhat unspiritual world?

Anniversaries are appropriate periods in which to take inventories of our conduct, to rejoice when ideals have been maintained and to seriously analyze our faults with the desire of overcoming them. Repentance is not only feeling sorry for lost opportunities, nor grieving over mistakes which have been made, but it is earnestly striving to live above these failures in the future.

We have the assurance that Divine assistance is ever ready to help us to higher levels, but the promise is always predicated upon the injunction to keep the commandments. "If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee".

Can any effort be too great when we are promised that those "who remember to keep and do these sayings, walking in obedience to the commandments shall find wisdom and great treasures of knowledge, even hidden treasures;" that we shall "run and not be weary, and shall walk and not faint." Do we want these and other blessings? The requirements are not difficult.

When our Father in Heaven speaks or when His Prophet tells us the mind and will of God, it is our privilege and our solemn obligation to heed the instruction. To the extent that we ignore this principle we cut ourselves off from the blessed security of having His Spirit with us.

When Relief Society women have Church Standards and are true to them, strength and joy and peace will be with them and their influence will be a power for good with their children. Isn't it worth the price a thousand fold? What are the satisfactions of pride or social popularity when it means lowering our standards and destroying our children's confidence in the principles of the Gospel? Women of Relief Society, set your standards high. We do not make better friends by disloyalty to principle.

RELIEF SOCIETY was organized to help women find the true values of life. Each lesson studied, each act of loving service performed, each friendship made, broadens our horizon and gives us a desire to more nearly walk in obedience to the commandments. Love expresses itself in service and Relief Society gives opportunity for such service.

My Birthday wish and my prayer for all women is that we shall have the vision to see that the respect of our own conscience, under God, is the one enduring possession.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

By Alice R. Rich

Into my keeping you come today,
In my motherly arms I fold you;
God give me wisdom to teach you right
As into a man I mould you.

Help me to look for my source of light
To the giver of all that's true.
May I watch my own steps every day
And be an example for you.

If I am to teach you, I too must learn,
I too must be ever growing;
For wisdom comes only to those who strive,
Who seek for the things worth knowing.

Give me to hold in my life, good cheer,
To bring to your sweet lips a smile;
Let mirth and love and a friendly heart
Be my way with you all the while.

Grant patience and self-restraint today,
And strength for my sacred task;
And poise and mastery o'er petty things
In guiding your steps, I ask.

Let my mother heart in devotion sweet
Be tempered with judgment fair,
To inspire you to great and noble heights
And teach you the way, with care.

The Relief Society in Retrospection

By Annie Wells Cannon

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain
Our thoughts are linked, by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!"
—*Alexander Pope.*

AT the head of the lower or Des Moines rapids in the Mississippi, in a curve of the stream overlooking the broad river, its islands and the Iowa bluffs beyond, lies the city of Nauvoo.

The great Mississippi sweeps around in a semi-circle, bounding a part of the city on the northwest and south, and the land rises in terraces from its shores.

It was here in 1839 the destitute Latter-day Saints, cruelly mobbed and driven from their homes in Missouri, found a refuge and a resting place; here under a liberal charter they built a city, so magic in its growth that it became in a short period one of the most prosperous and influential cities in the state of Illinois. Nauvoo was a city of great beauty with its capacious homes, gardens, vineyards, business houses, a picturesque militia and the beginning of a magnificent temple.

It was in this lovely setting the Prophet Joseph Smith organized the Relief Society, March 17, 1842.

Called into existence and set in order by a prophet of God, whose inspired teachings have crystallized during the years into ideals which have blessed tens of thousands, the Relief Society marks a steady progress in the understanding of human needs, material, intellectual and spiritual. From its inception the Relief Society was not intended to be merely an eleemosynary institution but educational and philanthropical in charity's broadest sense, so wonderfully explained by the Apostle Paul.

In its truest development the Society typifies the sincere love of God; it impels its members to love their neighbors as themselves; to bestow benefits whenever and wherever need is found; to seek after righteousness and all things that bless mankind.

It seems reasonable to believe that in the very earliest days of the Church there was in mind an organization of women paralleling the work of the priesthood, to help carry through the purposes of the Lord. In July, 1830, at Harmony, Susquehanna Co., Pennsylvania, the Lord gave commandments to Emma Smith in a revelation given through her husband, Joseph Smith, in which, besides outlining certain duties for her, he said, "thou art an Elect Lady, whom I have called." The term "Elect Lady" as explained by the Prophet Joseph means one called to preside.

Scarcely twelve years after the organization of the Church, Thursday afternoon, March 17, 1842, by invitation of President Joseph Smith eighteen women met in the Lodge room over his store for the purpose of organization.

THE story of this, the first meeting of the Relief Society, is unique. The solemnity and dignity of the occasion presents a remarkable picture. Here were assembled a group of women, who, under the direction of a prophet of the Lord, were to become leaders to the women of the Church. They were com-

ELIZABETH ANN WHITNEY—EMMELINE B. WELLS—ELIZA R. SNOW

paratively young, the oldest one present, Elizabeth Ann Whitney, forty-one, and the youngest, Bathsheba W. Smith, nineteen years old. With President Smith were Elders John Taylor and Willard Richards. At this meeting were laid down the fundamental principles and foundation stones on which the Relief Society has built and functioned for nearly a century.

The women were told to conduct their meetings according to parliamentary law and given a demonstration. In modern times this is not strange; it was unheard of a hundred years ago. There were instructions about duties of officers, keeping of records, providing work for the unemployed, the building of a fund. In the course of his remarks President Smith advised them to "provoke the brethren to good works in looking to the wants of the poor—searching after objects of charity; to assist by correcting and strengthening the virtues of the community." He closed his remarks with inspiring

words which fell as a benediction, "I now turn the key for you in the name of God, and this Society shall rejoice and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time."

The organization was effected according to the prescribed method. Emma Smith was elected president; she chose Sarah M. Cleveland and Elizabeth Ann Whitney counselors, Eliza R. Snow was elected secretary, Phoebe N. Wheeler assistant secretary and Elmira Coles treasurer. "All I shall have to give to the poor, I shall give to this Society," said President Joseph Smith. Later he laid a five dollar gold piece on the table to start a charity fund. Thus was the Relief Society launched on its onward course.

THE Relief Society was an organization for Latter-day Saint women. Requirements for membership were liberal. The applicant must be recommended by a member, and be of good report, then admitted by vote. The increase was rapid. 1275 names were shortly enrolled and contributions also increased.

In the list of members are the names of many of the great women of the Church whose leadership in the different communities of Zion has left a blessed heritage for the women of today; among them we read the name of Lucy Smith, the mother of the Prophet Joseph, and we bow in reverence. Her fervent testimony at the Nauvoo meetings was an inspiration and a blessing. This remarkable woman played an important part in the founding of the Church. She believed in, and assisted her son Joseph, from the time of his first vision to the end of his career; she kept a record of his boyhood and early work, without which no complete history of his life could be truly written. What do we not owe her?

THE Relief Society functioned for two years in Nauvoo under the direction of Emma Smith and her counselors; thirty-five meetings were held and some branches organized in nearby towns, La Harpe, Macedonia and others. There were no dues, all contributions were voluntary. The members brought provisions, clothing, thread, yarn, household commodities, even treasured pieces of jewelry to help provide for those less fortunate than themselves.

During these days important activities which have always been features of the organization were inaugurated: sewing meetings, providing work for widows; the appointment of women to visit the homes in search of those in need, and to accept donations from those who desired to give. Thus was initiated the order of Relief Society teachers which has always been so vital a part of the work.

Owing to conditions preceding and following the tragic event of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum at Carthage, meetings were discontinued in 1844.

DURING the exodus from Nauvoo and the journey westward the society could not operate as an organized body, though the women continued their benevolent work whenever opportunity presented itself. At Winter Quarters Elizabeth Ann Whitney held meetings during her sojourn there, for there was need of kindly deeds and words of comfort and encouragement in these days of toil, suffering, scarcity and sorrow.

Nearly all the first officers and members were journeying in different companies towards that unknown

land somewhere beyond the Rocky Mountains. Before them lay years of adjustment to life in a desert country under strange and dangerous conditions, still in their hearts they held the spirit and teachings of the work. Eliza R. Snow was traveling in one of the first companies. She had with her that precious record—the minutes of the Nauvoo Relief Society, a sacred book beyond price, so full of valuable history, counsel, and prophecy.

AFTER arriving in the valley as early as 1851-52, temporary societies were formed in several wards. Though all were poor, none were allowed to suffer; even the Indians were cared for, and an early attempt was made to organize the Indian women in one of the wards. In 1853 a meeting was held in the Social Hall for the purpose of organization and a school started to instruct women in midwifery and nursing as this was an urgent need. Zina D. H. Young was called to promote this work. From this time until 1857 eleven ward Relief Societies in Salt Lake City were organized, one in Ogden, one in Provo, and one in Nephi, when a second time the work was interrupted by the arrival of Johnston's Army and the move of the people south.

In 1866 President Brigham Young appointed Eliza R. Snow to go into all the wards of the Church and assist the Bishops to organize Relief Societies. He also called Zina D. H. Young and told these sisters to call others as needed. Eliza R. Snow became the head of the organization and chose as her counselors Zina D. H. Young and Elizabeth Ann Whitney and for secretary Sarah M. Kimball. Other assistants were Bathsheba W. Smith, M. Isabella Horne, Marinda Hyde, Phoebe Woodruff, Emmeline B. Wells, Jane Richards, Elizabeth Howard, and later Romania B. Pratt (Penrose). These women constituted a Central Board and were called "The Leading Sisters."

They traveled to all the settlements in the then new Territory, organizing, encouraging, and teaching the women. They went over the roughest kind of roads, in almost any kind of vehicle, sometimes lost on the desert or held in a canyon over night. Nothing daunted them, so imbued were they with the importance of the work.

THERE were the covered wagon days, when funds were needed to help emigrate the Saints from foreign lands, and care for them on arrival until located in homes of their own. It was also a time of building school and meeting houses, promoting home industries, and once more building a Temple. In all these affairs the Relief Society had a part. One might be puzzled somewhat, in reading a ward financial statement of these pioneer days, over some of the abbreviations; for instance the P. E. F., H. C. Co., B. of A., meaning the Perpetual Emigration Fund, Hand Cart Co., and Brethren of the Army, respectively. This latter was the militia who frequently made expeditions against the Indians for the protection of the settlers in new colonies. Meetings from this time on were held regularly, advancement was rapid and a variety of things accomplished. Faith was strengthened through testimony, and many gifts of the spirit manifest even as in the days of Nauvoo; interests for the home and community were discussed and many lessons of frugality and resourcefulness learned. The industry of the members was remarkable. Every scrap of cloth was saved and made into quilts while all worn articles were cut, sewed and

woven into carpets; tatting, knitting, crocheting, embroidered buckskin gauntlets, and other articles were made and sold, to obtain means to carry on the work and take care of those in need.

The work of organization advanced until wherever there was a branch of the Church there was also a Relief Society. This work abroad and in the islands of the sea was accomplished under the direction of the missionaries, assisted by the wives of the mission presidents and correspondence from the officers in Zion.

WITH the advent of the railroad in 1869 there were many marked changes in the activities of the Relief Society. Brought in closer touch with the world through mail, telegraph and travel, commodities were more easily obtained and progress was rapid. Strangely the first marked change was the granting of Woman's Suffrage by legislative enactment February 12, 1870, followed by a municipal election held February 20, when the Utah women had the privilege to exercise their franchise, thus being the first women in the United States to vote. This caused rejoicing at the National Woman's Suffrage headquarters, and Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton visited Utah to enlist the interest of the Utah women in the National Cause. Many Utah women became conspicuous figures in this movement, and delegates were regularly sent to the National Woman's Suffrage conventions.

IT now became a necessity for the Relief Society women to have a magazine or paper as a medium to set forth their aims and instructions, to report progress of the different branches, and to keep in closer touch with the workers, so the *Woman's Exponent* was established in 1872 as the organ of the Relief Society. *The Exponent* was at that time the only woman's paper between Boston and the Pacific Coast. The publication continued forty-two years, the first three under the editorship of Lula Greene Richards and the remainder of the time edited and published by Emmeline B. Wells. Its interesting columns were filled with valuable history and items about women and the Latter-day Saint people. It was succeeded in 1914 by the present *Relief Society Magazine.*

Other unusual and important activities of the Society during the two decades from 1866 to 1886 under the great leader Eliza R. Snow and her associates were the building of Relief Society halls, acquiring land, operating cooperative stores, building granaries, gathering and storing wheat against a time of need, raising cocoons and manufacturing silk; women were sent to study medicine, especially midwifery and nursing, and the Deseret hospital, the forerunner of the Church hospitals of today was established. They never lost sight of the primary fact of caring for the "poor, the sick and the afflicted." The story in detail of any one of these activities would make an interesting chapter.

THE movement to consolidate wards into stake capacities was begun under Brigham Young in 1877, thus establishing uniform and coordinated activities.

At this time the three women's auxiliaries were under the direction of the same Central Board, but in 1880 President John Taylor caused a different set-up to be made and reorganized them, creating three separate General Boards—the Relief Society, the Y. W. M. I. A. and the Primary, as they are at present. These changes provided opportunity

for more officers and more extended fields of endeavor.

FOLLOWING the death of Eliza R. Snow in 1887, Zina D. H. Young became president. Under her administration the Relief Society became affiliated as a charter member with the National Council of Women of the United States and through that the International. The Relief Society through its organization was already international in scope. This brought the Society in line and acquaintance with the great organizations of women in the world, The Red Cross, The Temperance Movement and others, and delegates have attended conventions in all the great cities. Because of its property holdings the Relief Society incorporated under the laws of Utah in 1882, with a board of directors of 23 members. This step was advised by President John Taylor, and carried through by the counsel of President Wilford Woodruff.

Neither the national affiliation nor the incorporation affects the status of the Relief Society as a Church auxiliary. As at first the presidency of the Church directed the procedure and supervised the organization, so has it always been under the direction of the priesthood of the Church.

THE Relief Society has had seven General Presidents. Besides the three before mentioned they are Bathsheba W. Smith, Emmeline B. Wells, Clarissa S. Williams and the present president, Louise Y. Robison, all capable, sincere and gracious, devoted to the work and endowed with the graces necessary for their high calling. Under each one of these leaders distinctive activities have been fostered according to the requirements of the time. Never losing sight of those duties entrusted to the women in the beginning by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and the ideals then enunciated, the Society has progressed through the years. It has grown in numbers until it has almost reached in membership the hundred thousand goal. In its ranks are hundreds of forward-looking women, trained and talented, willing to give their time for the advancement of the work, while thousands of others are eager for the knowledge and benefits the Society offers.

The work is systematically arranged and almost simultaneously thousands of women in all parts of the world are singing the same songs, discussing the same subjects or doing similar work. It is like a belt of sacred thought encircling the earth.

The adult educational program includes lessons in Theology, Literature, Social and Domestic Science, Art, Music and Social Ethics. The Society also encourages Genealogy and Temple work.

The Society lends its assistance to every great movement towards the betterment of the world such as education for Peace, Temperance, Public Health, Social Purity, Abolition of Crime, and especially are the members interested in legislation, both local and national, for the benefit of women and children.

IT was Victor Hugo who said "the Nineteenth Century was the woman's century." It was the hour of the awakening as the key turned for the Latter-day Saint women and called them into action. So was the day dawning for woman's emancipation from unjust laws and inequality. Now in the Twentieth Century—the hour of marvelous advancement in discovery, scientific research, invention, so much of ease, beauty and comfort in the world—much may be expected of those upon whom the work has fallen; to them has come

a rich heritage from the sainted women of the past.

In grateful acknowledgment the Relief Society, through its general officers, has established living memorials for the furtherance of Education, Literature, Nursing, Temple Work, Public Health, Care of Unmarried Mothers and Social Welfare.

In 1933, under the direction of President Louise Y. Robison, a monument in imperishable stone was erected in Nauvoo on the spot of ground where the building stood in which the Relief Society was organized by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Golden opportunities lie before the women of today. As they reach the heights of achievement may they look across the years with grateful hearts, in remembrance of the service freely given by the founders and the builders of the Relief Society.

SONG OF A HOUSEWIFE

By Florence Strong

Across the way from me two women sit
With idle hands and watch life passing by.
Their porch is very pleasant—they're content.
They'd smile, no doubt, if they could hear me sigh
And pity them because they lack my tasks.

My tasks that fill my hours with quiet joy
And give me sweet content when day is done;
Making a blue rug for the kitchen floor,
Picking bright daffodils before the sun
Has robbed them of the early morning dew.

Filling a china jar with spicy cakes
To please a hungry lad just in from play;
Hanging fresh laundered sheets upon a line
To billow in the wind and tug away
Like white sails on the ships at sea.

Trailing a vine above the kitchen door;
Teaching sweet childish lips how first to pray;
Reading a verse about an April dawn,
And pausing long enough to smile and say
Thank God for work that glorifies each day.

Spirit of '37

By Joseph L. Wirthlin

THE year 1937 is now one of the chapters of history. In restrospection we can analyze many of the great accomplishments of this year which will influence the immediate future.

A great force for the development of the highest and most important of ideals, is found in the basic fundamentals of the Church Security Program—"To love thy neighbor as thyself." If in 1937 this divine injunction has taken a firm hold of the thinking and activity of the people, 1937 will stand out as a period when *brotherly love* had its foundations literally strengthened by three-quarters of a million people, known as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, cooperating with their material as well as spiritual substances for the accomplishment of this high objective.

If the Salt Lake Region of the Church Security Program has any achievements to its credit, it is the result of unqualified cooperation on the part of all concerned. It would be well to define the word *cooperation*—for in its definition we readily see that the people of this great Region have a wonderful understanding of the word. As understood by the Latter-day Saint membership, it contemplates the contribution of one's talents, physical energy, and worldly goods for the achievement of objectives which shall be for the well being and joy of the whole. The whole could, and does in many ways, embrace the entire human race scattered over the earth. This explanation of the term has an historical background of 107 years. Since 1830 through the spirit of cooperation this people have sent thousands of missionaries to the four corners of the earth. They have built cities, established schools, erected temples, founded industries and have made it possible for thousands of newly found members to be brought over the ocean, across barren plains, and established in comfortable homes. Brigham Young said, "If we work unitedly we can work ourselves into wealth, health, prosperity and power." Thus, to cooperate for the achievement of a high purpose is not new to the Latter-day Saints.

THE Salt Lake Region's problems of unemployment and relief are the greatest in the Church because of the density of population. Hence, with the inception of the Church Security Program, it was necessary to call on wards and stakes for contributions of clothing, food, furniture, fuel and finances with which to establish the needed resources. Pioneer Stake had a warehouse well equipped, stocked, and in good condition, which was most graciously turned over to the Regional Council for the use of the whole region. Other stakes contributed thousands of dollars worth of clothing, much of which was new, having been made by the Relief Society organization. Accumulated stocks and finances with which to operate the region were pooled for the beginning of the program. Stake Presidents, Bishops, Priesthood officers, Relief Society sisters gave most generously of their time and talents for the development of the security program. It has been one continual round of hearty cooperation.

CELERY GARDEN—FURNITURE REPAIR SHOP
SALT LAKE REGION

AS the program developed it became expedient to divide the many and ever increasing duties among the Stake Presidents, Bishops and Relief Societies of the Salt Lake Region. As a result six committees were organized:

1. A council of Bishops for the purpose of managing the Regional Bishops' Storehouse.

2. Finance Committee, composed of Stake Presidents, to stimulate the payment of Fast Offerings, make audits of the Regional Accounting System, pass on all Accounts Payable and make all appropriations.

3. Projects Committee, composed of Stake Presidents, to have charge of all agricultural, knitting, vocational, and canning instruction, and to develop new projects to provide further employment.

4. Employment Committee, composed of Stake Presidents, to assist in finding work, to install unemployment records and files, and to inaugurate legislation for employment.

5. Storehouse Committee, composed of Stake Presidents, to formulate policies relative to the physical condition of the warehouses and quality of commodities, to set standards, and to be responsible for all regional equipment.

6. The Salt Lake Regional Relief Society Committee, composed of all the Stake Relief Society Presidents and Sisters Barker, Evans, Nebeker, and Thompson of the Relief Society General Board, under the chairmanship of President Louise Y. Robison, to formulate all policies relating to the administration of relief, sewing centers, social welfare, family budgets, conservation of family resources, and contacts with other relief agencies, and to direct all investigation work.

Since the organization of these committees experts in various lines have been called to advise and assist in the development of the program.

The Salt Lake Regional Council now consists of some 55 men and women, among whom are found lawyers, merchants, accountants, bankers, farmers, dairymen, engineers, builders, architects, insurance men and social workers. The medical and dental organizations of the Region are available when matters pertaining to these professions come to the fore. Membership upon any one of these committees gives each committeeman a definite position with fixed responsibilities, the result being a live interest in the progress and success of the program. The Salt Lake Region is fortunate in having a wide representation of the most important businesses, professions and industries, from which to draw for the formulating of policies and plans for the furtherance of the Church Security Program.

THE most important committee of the entire region is that great committee composed of the entire membership of sixteen stakes who have so loyally supported the Church Security Program. They have the spirit of cooperation as the Pioneers of old, never failing to heed any call and many times exceeding the requirements, as shown in the following achievements.

There was distributed in the Salt Lake Region in 1937, $80,663.34 of food; $20,303.02 in clothing; fuel amounting to $19,466.67; sundry purchases costing $6,175.61; or a total distribution of $126,609.14; 789 people were placed in employment.

A Garment Factory project was established where girls from the various stakes were taught to use knitting machines and other types of

machinery in the manufacture of clothing. After several weeks of training these young ladies have found positions in private industry earning from $13 to $16 per week.

Our rural stakes contributed crops from approximately 500 acres of land, including potatoes, tomatoes, beans, corn, fruits and all types of vegetables. Some meat was also contributed.

It is needless to say that the General Authorities of the Church and the General Committee have cooperated whole-heartedly in all of our endeavors in this Region to bring the plans of the Church Security Program into fruition.

A special Fast Day was called in September for the purpose of securing funds with which to purchase a permanent home for the Region. It was thought that $4,000 would be the maximum amount raised but with the splendid cooperation of Stake Presidents, Bishops, Priesthood quorums and the entire membership, $16,000 was donated. This is now on deposit waiting plans of the First Presidency and General Committee for the erection of a new building particularly adapted to the regional needs.

A Convention was called December 12th for the inauguration of the 1938 program. It was expected some 600 people would be in attendance but with that same fine spirit of cooperation 1200 enthusiastic, live workers attended. All of the 1938 projects and assignments were willingly received and the wards and quorums are now working together in carrying these out.

WITH these achievements to the credit of the Salt Lake Region there now stands before us the most important objective of the Church Security Program, viz: to bring into existence through industry or otherwise those projects which will afford permanent employment for every worthy Latter-day Saint. It will require the greatest spirit of cooperation, for if we truly love our neighbor we shall not only provide him with the necessities of life, but with that God-given privilege of sustaining himself by his own efforts.

Real cooperation is to contribute of one's talents, physical energy and worldly goods for the achievement of objectives which shall be for the well being and joy of all. This is the spirit of Salt Lake Region.

"Beautify your gardens, your houses, your farms; beautify the city. This will make us happy, and produce plenty. The earth is a good earth, the elements are good if we will use them for our own benefit, in truth and righteousness. Then let us be content, and go to with our mights to make ourselves healthy, wealthy and beautiful, and preserve ourselves in the best possible manner, and live just as long as we can, and do all the good we can."—*Brigham Young.*

Moment of Glory

By Christy Lund Coles

FROM the time he was old enough to show definite personality the family knew that he was not, in a sense, one of them. Drew Hartwell, even as a child, could not adapt himself to the pinch of poverty, could not be happy nor contented in the squalor of the poorly furnished house. He would cry out to his mother, "I want a pretty house, I want nice clothes, I want flowers on the table when we eat. . . . Teacher says we should have them."

Then in a sudden boyish anguish he would conclude: "I don't want to be poor."

Martha, his mother, would shake her head and ask wearily, "Who does, son?"

Deep within her she knew that her life-blood indeed flowed in his veins. She remembered how as a girl she had dreamed of a life filled with beauty, peace, the tranquility of well-ordered days; a dream that had blurred beneath the hot pressure of reality.

She had married Carl when she was eighteen. They had been happy —after a fashion. But they had always been poor and there had been so much to do. Her strength never seemed to reach to the day's end where the blessedness of sleep became life's one panacea.

As she looked at this boy of hers, so foreign to everything about him —with his straight nose and his deep, brooding eyes, his sensitive mouth and wistful smile, she did not expect him to know or understand that once she had been much as he; she hardly expected him to love her enough to overlook her fading youth, her drooping shoulders. She told her husband:

"He's already ashamed of us, ashamed of this house, of our clothes."

When her husband answered, "He has no business being ashamed of us, I'll beat it out of him," she smiled, saying,

"You're wrong, Carl, he can't help it. He's different from the other two. I think maybe he's a genius of some sort."

She laughed a little as she said it but she knew it was no joke. For a long time she had planned and figured on ways of getting him to study music. She had even prayed about it. . . .

ONE day in early April that prayer seemed to be answered: A rather shabby little man came to the door and half apologetically told her of a course of violin lessons, (violin included) surprisingly cheap. She invited him in, listened breathlessly as he talked. Finally, she asked, "Would it make it any cheaper if he were to have his own instrument?"

"No, the price is the same. It's the lessons we're selling."

Unceremoniously, unthinkingly, she took the three dollars she had saved for a new pair of shoes and paid the first payment.

When he had gone she sat for a long time holding the inanimate thing in her arms. The time passed slowly until the hour Drew should come from school. But she waited happily. He came in, breathless, excited, and demanding.

"Moms, where's my migs? Grant's going to play marbles with me."

Her heart was pounding. "They are in the right hand buffet drawer, dear. But don't get excited . . . look what I have for you."

He was so occupied in his search that he did not even hear her until she repeated it the second time and brought forth the violin carefully, saying, "Look, it's a violin. You're going to learn to play it."

He turned, glanced at it, turned back to his marbles murmuring, "Um-hum. My one dough-baby's gone."

In another moment he was gone and the room seemed suddenly very still. She felt awkward . . . foolish. "It's just that we expect too much," she assured herself. "We wait for our moments of glory but they never come."

She put a lump of coal into the gaping, rusted heater and set about making a cake for supper as she had promised Martin, the younger son, she would do. But her feet were leaden.

That night, however, when Drew came in he said, "Moms, may I take my violin now, may I?" There was the light in his eyes now she had wanted to see before. He was excited . . . but she was calm. She put it in his arms and he held it as though he had always held one. She would not have been surprised if he had begun playing.

"Gee, it's sweet," he cried. "I'll learn to play and someday I'll earn a lot of money and buy you some pretty dresses . . . and everything."

He threw his arms about her and held her tightly while she kissed the soft curve of his cheek, hungrily.

SEVERAL days later they discovered, after climbing three flights of musty, rickety stairs, that the lessons were taught to a group of twenty or thirty children simultaneously. There was no individual instruction, just general, crisp explanations from a teacher who played, Drew thought, "Pretty enough to make you cry."

Martha sat in one corner of the large room that had at one time been a lodge hall, and watched and listened . . . and dreamed. Here were dozens of little boys and girls, most of them poor, thin, and wide-eyed. Somewhere were dozens of mothers and fathers, sacrificing, working to send them here, all passing on to these little ones the fragment of their own frustrated dreams. Some of the children didn't listen, they talked and laughed, they made faces for the amusement of the others, but Drew was not one of these. His dark eyes never left the instructor's face. He turned his fingers slowly to hold the bow as they were told to do; he held his shoulders back and bent his head carefully above the chin rest.

That night when they returned home they changed their best clothes for older ones then went into the uncemented basement beneath the house. While he filled a pan with potatoes she rummaged about in an old trunk until she brought forth something she had been looking for. When they reached the light he saw that it was a violin.

"You didn't tell me you had one," he accused her. "Let me see it."

"Be careful. It is very old and very valuable."

"You mean, it's worth money? Why don't you sell it then?"

"Because," she told him patiently, smiling a little bitterly. "It was my great-grandfather's . . . and it was mine when I was as young as you. I learned to play a little . . . listen."

She picked it up and with a few noticeable squeaks and hesitations

she played the old-time favorite, "Hearts and Flowers."

When she had finished she said, "There are things worth more than money. I want you to play for the joy you will be able to give others and for the satisfaction you will have in doing something well."

TEN years passed. Years much the same as the ten before had been, filled with worry and work. Martha watched Drew going ahead with his music with mingled joy and dread. His ability to learn had been astounding . . . but it was private teachers now and with all the other expenses she often said that the Lord only knew where the money came from to pay for the lessons. But it always came, even though her husband berailed her and said the boy should be out doing a man's work instead of taking their bread and butter from them.

Yet, Drew was a genius. What did anything else matter? What if he didn't seem to appreciate the long hours she held him to his practice, practised with him, saying, "No, dear that last note is A" or "Not quite so heavy on your G string." What if he did accept their money with little or no thanks as the day when he said, "No, Mother, Bertrani can't teach me any more, he says so himself. Please let me study with Adaire. . . . Just give me another year. I'll pay you back, honestly I will. All right then, don't. I'll go out and dig ditches, I'll ruin my hands so I can't ever play again. Is that what you want? Do you want me to be satisfied living like this always?"

"No, dear, no," she assured him, trying to quiet him, to avert one of his tantrums that would be followed by a dark, speechless moodiness for two or three days, "You can have the lessons. It's only that the whole family has to live a week on just a little more than your lessons will cost."

"Yes, it's more important that you buy sauerkraut to feed their hunger. None of you have ever known a heart hunger, never wanted anything but just . . . this," he cried, gesticulating about the room, the room she had tried so hard to make as he would have liked it, scrimping to buy little scarfs, flowers, lamps. Suddenly, she wanted to slap him, wanted to cry out to him that she had never known anything *but* heart hunger. Heart hunger she had never dared admit even to herself. She wanted to tell him how she had been starved for rest through the hours she had held him to his practice; how she had been starved for the relief of tears since the day as a child he had said, "Don't cry, Moms, ever again. You look ugly when you cry, it makes your face all red," and she had never dared cry before him since; how her spirit starved to stand tall and erect and her tired body wouldn't let her. Heart hunger. . . .

But she said nothing, she merely turned from him murmuring quietly, "You can start with Adaire tomorrow, but don't tell your father."

HER patience with him had seemed spent but when he came to her later that evening, put his arms about her and kissed her, she knew he was saying he was sorry. He smiled at her with his little-boy smile and said, "Will you listen to something I've written? It isn't so good, but listen anyway."

Carl had gone to a wrestling match, the other children were playing ball, so they were alone in the dimly-lighted room and as she sat near the window in the summer twilight he played for her, played as she seemed never to have heard anyone play before. There was

strange, haunting beauty in the melody he played which faded to a pathos so poignant, so real, that it was like the remembrance of baby fingers on her breast.

He finished and the room seemed to carry on the tune which could have been a hymn or a lullaby or a dream. She wanted to speak, to cry, but she could do neither. He turned. He was waiting for her to say something. "What shall we name it?" he asked, finally.

Almost unthinkingly she answered, hoarsely, still feeling the touch of warm tiny fingers on her breast . . . her heart. "Name it *Lost Lullaby.*"

He was thoughtful a moment, turning the name over in his mind while she had sudden misgivings lest he should laugh at it and say, "Oh, not that." But after a moment he smiled and cried, "Yes, Mother, *Lost Lullaby.* Yes, and it shall be our song, yours and mine."

IT WAS only a short time later that he was chosen as the most promising student of the great teacher Adaire, was scheduled to give a concert and receive five hundred dollars for the one performance.

"Why, it's all the money in the world," he had told her. But she had smiled, knowing this was only the beginning. Now he would belong to the world. He would go away from her, forget the happy hours they had played together, the other hours when he had teased for cookies . . . just as though he wasn't a genius at all . . . her little boy.

The night of the concert came. The house was in confusion. Drew was having difficulty with his tie. Martha was running back and forth bringing him one thing and another. They were both trembling. Her heart was waiting and straining within her. He had promised to get at least two tickets but he had said nothing about them and she was afraid to ask. . . .

The door closed on his handsome figure. His night of glory! Nothing would ever be the same and she wouldn't . . . be . . . there. He had told her he was going to play their song, was going to tell the audience it was dedicated to his mother. But that had been in a moment of generous impulse. He had probably forgotten that too.

She whispered to Carl, "He forgot the tickets," and he said, kindly, "I couldn't have gone anyway, my suit's shot. But you get ready and I'll see that you get there."

She shook her head and went into her son's room, began picking up the clothes he had dropped across the bed. As she picked up the coat, something fell from the pocket. It was a program of his concert and folded within were two tickets—fourth row, center. Then, he hadn't forgotten. . . He hadn't forgotten!

As though it had been waiting for her, the curtain went up just as she slipped into the luxurious seat and pressed her hand hard against her heart to quiet its pounding. She was praying: "God, don't let him be afraid. Let him play well. Let these people like him."

In a moment he was on the stage. In a moment he was playing, playing as one inspired: "Humoresque," "Hungarian Rhapsody," those hard ones with the difficult names. Then he was stepping forward, smiling, waiting for the applause to die down so he could speak. She knew he was going to play their song and tears welled to her eyes. But she mustn't cry . . . she mustn't. She blinked hard, looked up, caught his eyes straight upon her. He dropped his gaze, the smile left his lips and he

announced his song briefly but he didn't mention her nor did he look that way again.

She tried to tell herself it didn't matter. He played so wonderfully well. He seemed to be playing on her very heart strings. She felt that sometime before he was born, she had put that song of love, of tenderness, of lost hopes and hunger into his soul.

She would have liked to have gone back-stage but instead she slipped out unnoticed and hurried to the corner to wait for the streetcar that would take her home.

IT WAS only now, as the spring wind pricked at her coat, and seemed sweet with something of all the springs in the world, that she would admit the hurt she had felt. It was such a little thing to have done for her. No one would have known who his mother was—*but she would have known!*

Out of the night, a car swerved to the curb and stopped, it was a taxicab and Drew was stepping out of it, concern in his eyes.

"Why didn't you wait?" he asked, "I had to break away from everyone to find you."

She said, "I wanted to hurry home and have something for you to eat."

"Oh, we'll get something to eat, down here," he assured her, gaily. "Won't that be a lark, Moms. Just you and me having supper in some nice cafe."

He was sorry. He was trying to make up to her. But her heart was quiet.

When they were seated in a booth of the restaurant, he asked timidly, "How was I?"

Her voice was sincere, "You were splendid, dear, wonderful."

"They liked my—our piece, didn't they?"

She nodded her head and those silly tears crowded into her eyes. He looked down. And after a moment he said, "I'm glad you came. I was so sorry about the tickets. I thought of sending a messenger. I prayed you'd find them. I wouldn't have played if you hadn't come." And after a strained moment, "When I got up to announce my number, gee I wanted to tell them it was you who had made me whatever I was, tell them it was your song. I'd seen myself doing it a hundred times. But when I looked at you, I couldn't."

"You were afraid I'd cry, weren't you?" There was just a note of bitterness in her voice. He missed it and pressed his hand over his eyes as he said in a small, dear voice,

"No, Moms, I was afraid I would. You looked so beautiful sitting there with tears in your eyes, so sure, so sweet. I thought, 'One thing real and sure in a mass of strangeness.' I tried to remember if you always looked so pretty when you cried but I couldn't remember seeing you cry before."

So he had forgotten that boyish remark of long ago. He had forgotten.

When she did not speak he reached across the table and laid his hand over hers, "And Moms dear, I just didn't want to share you with all those strange people. You're so much more wonderful than any of them."

IT WAS one of the moments that come—to some people—once in a life time. Something surged and swelled within her. She knew it would pass, but it didn't matter. She had had her *moment of glory* and she knew that long after the world had snatched him from her, after

the lights and music of this night had been laid away in remembrance, through long days of weariness and work, through nights of loneliness, through moments when people would smile on the streets at her shabbiness and her drooping shoulders (not knowing, of course, who she was) she would be wearing the glory of this moment on her heart.

RECOMPENSE

By Grace Zenor Pratt

I've never owned a garden with lily pond in shade,
But I have loved wild columbines in gardens God has made.
I've never sailed the ocean in ship with winged sail,
But have seen cloud ships go floating by in misty moonbeams, pale.

I've never owned a landscape by Corot or Millet,
Still I may catch their glory in simple scenes each day.
I've never touched a Chinese vase where dragons intertwine,
Nor tested fragile crystal cups from Oriental clime—
Yet just to glimpse these from afar, is Heaven for a time.

I've never worn against my throat a bit of costly lace,
But I have sensed its loveliness, its frailty and grace.
I cannot waken music to breathe at my command. . .
Yet I am glad the heart of me can wake and understand.

I've dreamed of fabled Orpheus with harp and magic lute—,
Hearing the note of a wild bird's song, I'd will his music mute.
I do not own a garden fair, which latticed roses shade,
But I have seen blue columbines in gardens God has made.

Lotta Paul Baxter

By A. Hamer Reiser

TO do adequate honor to Sister Baxter would require the gifts of a poet and a prophet. I believe a prophet would say that a sound measure of a person's worth can be found in the character and quality of his affections and his loyalties. Judged by this standard Sister Baxter offers a very enlightening and a highly inspirational study. Her affections and her loyalties are well known to all of us. She concealed nothing; with sparkling clarity and superb candor she revealed her heart and soul to her host of friends.

We know how fondly she loved all nature. That love was awakened by the simplicity and directness of her keen-eyed Scotch father and nurtured by a refined and cultured mother. From these remarkable parents she acquired the grandeur of her own soul, the richness of her beautiful affections and the nobility of her life-long loyalties.

IT is a matter of common knowledge to all of us how dearly she loved the growing things of God's creation. She loved flowers and they knew it, for they acknowledged her love and returned it a hundred fold by struggling with all the mighty powers of their natures to grow beautiful, fragrant and abundant for her.

I do not know of a time when she did not have a few chickens in the coops. It was a lesson of great worth to any one to know how intelligently and sympathetically she fed, sheltered, and protected them. And they responded. Her neighbors have often commented upon the evident contentment and anticipation of her chickens whenever she drew near.

She was a life-long friend of the birds and they knew it for they responded by singing to her. Her garden was a bird sanctuary, birds of every variety known in this region visited it, evidently with expectation of friendly treatment. She was alert to welcome them. Though the mulberry trees about her place were otherwise troublesome, she preserved them because they provided food for her friends, the birds. Her love of nature is comparable to that of her famous brother and her skillful sister, both of whom have delighted and inspired their generations by their knowledge of and affection for the beauty and usefulness of the creations of God.

ON the very day of her death a significant tribute was paid her by the little house pet, which she and Aunt Maude and Charles have cared for in the home—a little, dainty, fluffy, white dog. Throughout Sister Baxter's illness this little animal exhibited evident anxiety and concern. It was at her bedside at every opportunity. Death came to Sister Baxter Sunday in the early afternoon. This little animal watched with tender concern as the body was moved to the mortician's carriage. As they moved away, the little animal sank to the floor and without warning illness of any kind, passed away. I do not know how such a strange thing can be explained, unless it be that it preferred death, and by the effort of its will sought that change which would enable it to follow her spirit, because it wanted to follow her just as it had for years, because it found delight in her presence.

THE great affection which is the crowning jewel of her character was her love of people. People were drawn to her by the genuineness of her affection, the depth of her understanding sympathy, the warmth of her regard, the thoroughness of her thoughtfulness and the abundance of her generosity. They delighted in trusting her with confidences. Deposited with her, she returned a liberal rate of interest in the form of sound advice and strength-giving encouragement and when a return of the investment was sought it was always found 100% intact, not one iota given away or depreciated by mismanagement.

Her great love of people had its origin in the heritage from her noble parents. This heritage explains her intense love of justice for all mankind, her life-long service and devotion to the betterment of the lives of others. It explains the readiness, the fervor and the thoroughness of the abiding loyalty of her life, her loyalty to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and to the chosen servants of the Lord, who have been called to preside over the Church.

She loved the Lord and His Word. The Lord proclaims in the Pearl of Great Price: "This is my work and my glory, to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man." This purpose she adopted as her purpose. It dominated her life; it motivated her service to her fellow men that she might encourage them to obedience, to diligence, to faithfulness and devotion, that they might have claim upon this great blessing and gift of God—immortality and eternal life.

As I sat by her bedside when death was near, she said to me, "Death is as natural as birth, and as welcome." With this serene faith she waited eight long weeks for the end.

If she would speak to us now, I know she would say, "As surely as the flowers will bloom in my garden in a few weeks, so surely shall I rise in the world of the spiritual."

May the kind Father comfort all of us with the joy of this sublime assurance.

ANOTHER DAY

By John Shearer

The linnet sings its song anew,
Its roundelay of love;
The sparrow chirps and flits around,
The skylark soars above;
The morning sun is shining bright,
The dewdrop pearls the flowers;
Awake my soul, the night is gone,
Another day is ours!

Oh joy! To greet another day,
To feel the morning breeze,
To splash the water into spray,
To hear the hum of bees,
To smell the scent of morning air,
The fragrance of the flowers,
Awake my soul, the night is gone,
Another day is ours!

One of Ours

(MINERVA KOHLHEPP TEICHERT)

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

SUCCESS, someone has said, is not so much a matter of inherent talent as it is the capacity for concentration and perseverance. Judged by any standard Minerva Kohlhepp Teichert is a success but her life illustrates what persistence can do. Undoubtedly her talent for drawing was inherited. Perhaps there was born with her, too, a talent for perseverance but both qualities were added upon by a rare type of directed effort. There came a time when she tasted the joy of recognition by critics and teachers but not until she had paid the price.

Out of Boston came an educated talented Jew, convert to a new faith. In the West he married a girl who had been bred in that faith. Both had literary and artistic ability. Minerva, their second child, was given all that complete understanding and encouragement could give, but there was no money for painting lessons. Isolated on a farm, miles and miles from a teacher, no money to take her where there were teachers, mere living was a struggle. One less valiant would have wept and succumbed to their lack of opportunity. Not Minerva. "Knock and it shall be opened unto you" had literal meaning for her. She knocked and knocked until doors of opportunity began opening as doors will to those who persist.

At thirteen, the age when most girls are just leaving the doll period, she was already making her own living and paying for painting lessons.

MINERVA KOHLHEPP was born in Ogden but in her first months her parents moved to Idaho. There is little about dry-farming and ranching that she does not know. There is little of it she has not put on canvas. In a little store in American Falls she first exhibited. While still a child she dressed a group of dolls in native costumes of every country. They drew a great deal of praise but seemingly took her no nearer an art teacher.

MINERVA KOHLHEPP TEICHERT

In Pocatello she worked for her board and attended high school. There she met a woman with splendid artistic ability who helped her to other contacts. A Mrs. Sparks who was going to San Francisco needed a girl for nursemaid. Minerva had been preparing herself for just such an opportunity. In San

Francisco she found time for work at Mark Hopkins' Art School.

After graduating from high school she taught in rural Idaho just long enough to insure a year of study in the East. In February, 1908, she enrolled as a student in the Art Institute in Chicago—and what a student! Once there, nothing less than finishing would satisfy. She worked and schemed and borrowed money in order to stay. By July she had completed the first year's work. In 1912 she completed a three years' academic course beside studying Dramatic Art and Indian Dancing at the Chicago Conservatory of Music.

THE year 1913 found her back in Idaho teaching school, paying debts, writing poetry and finding time to file and live on a homestead near American Falls. It was at this time also that her determination to be a great painter suffered a slight retard. Herman Teichert, who pursued her as persistently as she pursued art, came near winning his case. But before she had quite decided, an offer came to teach art at the University of Utah. Her ambition flared anew and she went to New York for final preparation.

ALL these years her reputation had been growing and hardly had she reached New York when she was offered a scholarship under Robert Henri. Henri had come back to the Art Students League for the year of 1914-15. This big chance swept away all immediate thoughts of homestead, sweetheart, and teaching offer. She was the first to enroll under the master portrait painter and became not only a favorite pupil but a warm personal friend. Some think her portraits show a strong Henri influence. She received other scholarships as well, one under George Bridgeman for draftsmanship.

THE next three years brought Miss Kohlhepp another rare privilege. The war was on. The wealth and culture of the world settled in New York. The Art Students League, fearing complications, would accept no gifts of money, but wealthy patrons of art could and did aid the struggling pupils. This aid came in the form of tickets to things of worth. Minerva Kohlhepp being an advanced student shared generously. Many of her evenings were spent listening to opera, studying theatrical lighting effects, enjoying Russian ballet, etc.

During this time her financial problems were still with her but with the determination so characteristic of her she found things to do about it. She had a natural bent for making the most of a dollar and a propensity for finding work along the line she liked. She sketched cadavers for doctors. She painted animals for a series of school books. One afternoon she did a portrait of Wallace Beery dressed in skins for the show *Purple Knight*. She received fifty dollars for that. She did much work for the movies.

Of her the great Henri said, "She is one of the coming woman artists of America."

THE summer of 1917, when war clouds hung so threateningly, Miss Kohlhepp woke to the realization there were other fields of interest far from halls of learning. For the first time in her life painting took second place in her heart. She hurried home to marry her cowboy sweetheart, Herman Teichert. While he served in France she lived on his paternal homestead that in the days of stock companies had been known as Tall Tree Center. Mrs. Teichert loved this old ranch and some of her finest work was done there. She loved the Snake River "bottoms"

where the ranch was located. She told of it in verse and story as well as on canvas. It is her delineation of life on the "bottoms" that makes her so essentially an Idaho artist.

There was everything in that section to stimulate the artistic urge. From Horse Island to Big Hole, from Ferry Butte to the cataracts at American Falls she gathered her studies. And such a variety! Here were tradition, scenery, and local color. Here she found marsh grass, brown-topped tules, gray-green sage, blue pools and foaming rapids, stretches of meadowland and warm-scented cowpaths, giant gnarled cottonwood, tangy willows and flaming kinnikinick. Here, too, were picturesque cowboys, gaudily attired bucks, squaws in bright blankets and papooses in boards. She studied bucking broncos, dances to the Sun God and the ruins of old Fort Hall.

TRUE to her inheritance, when she married, home and family came first with Mrs. Teichert. She was an artist, trained and capable. But she made sure of her future in a more sure way. She not only converted her husband but did it so well he became a member of the Bishopric in their ward. Her five children are being brought up in the faith. She washes dishes, sweeps floors and makes the beds. She cooks for haymen and is waiting when the children get home from school.

HAS that crowded out her painting? Far from it. Like all who have something to say she finds time to say it. Through her family she knows life and knowing life she does better work. Recently she has turned to Latter-day Saint subjects. During 1935 she sold two paintings to Brigham Young University and two to Montpelier, Idaho, Stake House. Other sales have been made, including murals, to Rock Springs' library. But painting and selling is a continuous performance, for her hands and brain are never idle.

When the Dam at American Falls was completed and the backing up of the water of the Snake River began its work of destruction, Mrs. Teichert clung to her beloved ranch until literally forced away. She watched the creeping waters and wept that so much beauty should be buried forever from sight. She rejoiced, too, for added to a lifetime of memories she carried away with her hundreds of sketches and paintings, preserving for the world that which she loved so well.

Mrs. Teichert's late work includes two groups. One group is on exhibit at the Z. C. M. I. at the present time. One of these "Called to The Powwow," shows her inimitable skill in handling animals in action, something she learned during her long years on the Fort Hall "bottoms." The second group hangs in the Stake House at Montpelier, Idaho. These were painted especially to cover spaces above the organ and are nine feet high. She studied two years to figure out the best way to fill those spaces.

The Hotel Utah has a number of her good paintings as does the Brigham Young University, and most prominent schools and churches in the intermountain country. Her exhibiting is done by Mrs. Alice Merrill Horne.

We rejoice in the good things that have come to her. We honor her name for its worth but in the ultimate it is her capacity for growth, her keen sense of values, her faith in the worth-while-ness of life that so definitely places her as "One of Ours."

Edna's Husband

By Mary Ek Knowles

EDNA ARNOLD sat at the big kitchen table, and counted the bills again. "Ten . . twenty . . thirty . . forty . . fifty-five . . . sixty-five . . seventy-five . . ninety-five . . one hundred!" No matter how many times she counted the bills the answer was always the same. She wrinkled her pretty forehead and her blue eyes were troubled. It seemed to her that there should be more money. But there wasn't! And that one hundred dollars represented the Arnold's total worldly wealth. With it they must buy feed for the chickens until they started to lay, pay for any emergencies that might arise, and if eggs didn't bring as good a price as Edna anticipated, pay the taxes on the farm in the fall.

It had always been that way, she reflected, as she replaced the bills in an empty chocolate box and tied it with a red ribbon—always on the verge of being poor.

With a sigh she took the box, and went upstairs to make the bed in their big front bedroom, her slim figure, gay in a pink print dress.

IN the first part of March, Tom, who had worked for ten years in a stuffy insurance office, had been taken very ill. "Too much inside work," the doctor had told them. "Either you get a job doing outside work, or—" Neither Tom nor Edna liked the "or" nor the look on the doctor's face when he said it, so at Edna's suggestion they had invested their small savings in the old Penfield place in Crystal Valley, (purchased at a low price because the farm was four miles off the main highway, and the house was rapidly falling apart), bought 800 baby chicks and with all their worldly possessions, consisting of a truckload of furniture and a red steamer trunk given to them by their Uncle Rufus, they had moved into the old Penfield farmhouse the last of March.

At the time, the red trunk had caused some comment. Both Tom and Edna had expected more. Wasn't Uncle Rufus worth millions and hadn't Tom always been his favorite nephew? But it seemed Uncle Rufus had other ideas. The morning of the day they had moved he had driven up in his twelve-cylinder automobile, presented them with the trunk and muttered something about, "nobody staked me when I needed it and I've turned out all right," got in his car and drove away.

The exploring of the trunk, once they had overcome their disappointment, still remained the one bright spot in an otherwise dreary and uncertain world.

Tom had dived into the trunk with his long arms and brought out a tent-like pair of red and white checkered golf pants. "Why, it's some old woolen clothes of Uncle Rufus. And what taste he has! Just look at this, Ed," he had cried in an affected voice. "Just the thing I've always wanted!" Then much to Edna's amusement he had slipped into the voluminous pants with his long thin legs, cinched the fullness in at the top with a leather belt and strutted about the room. "What the well-dressed farmer is wearing this season."

They had agreed hilariously and unanimously that the clothes were

suited only for a mad masquerade ball.

The trunk was resting now, under the stairway, fast gathering dust.

A WAVE of tenderness swept over Edna as with slender hands she smoothed Tom's side of the bed. It was so characteristically like Tom, the curve of his long body still lifelike beneath the sheet, the pillow bunched up into a ball and at the side of his bed his black oxfords pushed off, one on top of the other, with the laces still tied.

With a little laugh she removed a black stocking, hanging like a long nightcap on a staid preacher, from the bedpost.

Tom was such a kid. And she was so hopelessly in love with him. She frowned. If only she could change his ideas about spending money.

Tom and his philanthropic gestures! In the city he had been an easy mark for every down-and-outer in town.

Now that they were in the country it was the same thing. She could not make Tom see that they were on the shaky edge of poverty, that there were no more pay checks coming in. Tom spent money as if he were a millionaire.

She punched a pillow with unnecessary vigor. First there had been the incubator. Tom had come walking up the tree-bordered lane one April morning holding the incubator in his arms. "I've bought an incubator, Eddy." And as Edna started to protest, "Oh, it's a good buy, less than a fourth of what we'd have to pay for a new one." Then he had lowered his voice sympathetically. "Gosh, Eddy, I bought it from a fellow who's got T. B.. He has to get to Arizona or he'll die. Even then, Honey, I doubt if he'll live. Gosh, he's so young." Incidentally, the first time they had used the incubator they had almost burned the chicken coop down.

Then the Miracle Liniment for man or beast. Twenty-four bottles Tom had bought. "I was walking down the road from town, Eddy, when I saw this old man ahead of me. He kind of shuffled along and every few steps he'd go to the side of the road, sit down on a boulder and just sort of crumple up. He had a box he was carrying, too. I thought perhaps I could help him carry it, so I hurried over. 'Can I help you carry this?' I asked. 'If you would, son,' he said in a weary voice. Gosh, Edna, something just came over me as I saw him sitting there looking up at me with faded eyes. Edna, old men oughtn't to look like that. They should have children or grandchildren or someone to look after them. I bought all he had, Edna, and he couldn't even thank me. He just started to cry and walked slowly up the road."

Then the pig! Edna still insisted that the man who sold the pig to Tom was an ex-convict. There had been something in the way his eyes had evaded her straight gaze, something about the gray pallor of his skin. "Well," Tom had said, "what if he is. He's still a human being, still has to live, doesn't he? Gosh, you can't kick a fellow when he's down." Of course the pig hadn't been such a bad buy. A month later she had given birth to a litter of six and Edna would be able to sell them at a good price in the fall.

THE bed made, Edna straightened the bright braided rugs, rearranged the things on top of the vanity dresser and hung their nightclothes in the closet. She must speak

to Tom, make him understand how little money they had.

As she started to leave the bedroom, she looked out the front window down the lane. Looked and gave a little moan of impatience as a tall man came walking up the lane leading a cream-colored cow at the end of a rope. So that's where the extra money had gone! She slammed the bedroom door and went quickly downstairs, her round little jaw set in a firm line.

"Tom! what have you done?"

Tom Arnold took off his new straw hat, ran his fingers through his dark wavy hair and looked at Edna. "I've bought a cow, Eddy. Didn't you say this morning at breakfast that if we had a cow we wouldn't have to buy milk from Charley Hyslop and we could sell butter, cream and cottage cheese?"

"Oh Tom," Edna denied, "you know I didn't. I said that someday —" she broke off, angry tears starting to her eyes. "Where did you buy her, and how much did she cost?"

"Bought her from Jess Barker, up the road." Tom patted the cow and she looked at him with soft brown eyes. "Only fifty dollars!"

"Oh, Tom, you didn't pay fifty dollars for that bag of bones."

"Isn't a bag of bones, Eddy. It's a thoroughbred Jersey. Just had a calf and she's come in fresh, too. All thoroughbred Jerseys are thin, Jess Barker said so."

"Tom," she protested tearfully, thinking of the few remaining bills in the candy box. "I didn't object so much to the other things. Buying them was just a matter of five or ten dollars at a time, but fifty dollars! You don't seem to realize, Tom, that we have just one-hundred dollars to our name." A feeling of panic swept over her. "That's all we have. With that we must—"

"But Edna, with the cow we can sell dairy products. Just let the crowd in town know we're selling. Why, the cow will pay for herself."

Edna sighed wearily. "All right, Tom, put the cow in the old carriage shed. That's about the only building that isn't falling apart." She turned and walked toward the chicken coops when Tom's voice called her back.

She walked back to him. "What do you want?" Her voice was frigidly polite.

"Got a little kiss for Tommy?"

She turned her head away. Tom took hold of her arms. "Look at me, Eddy. Don't be cross. Gosh, if you'd seen Jess Barker. I've never seen a man so hard up. Didn't get a cent from his crops last year. And he's got about a dozen kids. They're no more'n babies." Edna's face softened. "Probably never had enough to eat, Honey, just all eyes and little thin bodies showing beneath dirty ragged clothes. Gosh, Edna," he shook his head and the pallor beneath his new tan tugged at Edna's heart. "It isn't right for babies to live like that."

Bitterness flowed from Edna in a swift stream. Her arms went around Tom's neck. If he should die; if even working in the open air could not make him well! A life without Tom—unthinkable! The arms about her were so thin.

IT was exactly two hours and seven minutes by the kitchen clock from the time Tom took the shiny tinware pail out to the cowshed until he brought it back.

"Seems there's quite a knack to this milking business," he explained self-consciously as Edna looked critically at the scant measure in the pail. "Looks easy until you try it. There was more," he added, "Molly kicked the pail over twice!"

Edna scrutinized the milk beneath the kitchen light and wrinkled her nose. "Tom, this milk doesn't smell right. It smells rancid and it looks curdled, too." She frowned. "You don't suppose there's anything wrong with the cow, do you." She had already calculated how much they would make selling dairy products.

"Oh no," Tom assured her. "Nothin' wrong with the cow. It's just me, the way I milk."

But by the end of the week even Tom could see there was something wrong with Molly.

"There's something wrong with a cow that won't eat," Edna told Tom. They were standing in the cowshed looking worriedly at Molly. "She just stands. Won't go out to pasture. Won't eat her bran, and bran to a cow, so I understand, is the same as apple pie to a human. Her milk is rancid, her body so thin. Why look at her, Tom, a good gust of wind would blow her over! What do you suppose is wrong?"

Tom frowned. "I don't know, Edna, but something certainly is wrong." He looked out the door at that moment and saw old Charley Hyslop coming slowly up the lane. "Here comes Charley, perhaps he can tell what's wrong."

Charley Hyslop lived on the next farm east of the Arnold's. He was so far their only acquaintance in Crystal Valley.

"Bought the critter from Jess Barker, didn't you?" Charley asked the moment he came through the door. He was a short, bent little man with a seamed face. Slightly lame in one leg he carried a hickory walking stick.

"Why yes," Tom admitted, "I did. But how did you know?"

"How did I know? Only place in Crystal Valley where you could get a beast that looks like that."

"What's the matter with her, Charley?" asked Edna.

"Starved to death." He pointed at the cow with a short gnarled finger. "Look at them back bones, them legs, that neck. Jess Barker don't have enough food for his kids, let alone his beasts. Wouldn't have had a cow in the first place if it hadn't been give to him. Better for the poor thing if it'd never been born."

"But Charley, what can we do about it? We just can't lose the cow!"

Charley shook his head. "Nothin', I'm afraid," he said in a sympathetic voice. "She looks pretty well gone. Although," he said with an attempt at brightness, seeing Edna's worried look, "I once had a sick cow and she didn't die. Might be," he turned and hobbled out the door, "my remedy would help your Molly. I'll go get it."

NEWS travels fast in a small community and the news that Jess Barker had at last sold his cow spread like wild fire. Every adult in the little town held himself responsible. Mrs. Gatherup who drove over one afternoon in the hay wagon expressed the sentiments of them all. "If we'd been more neighborly it wouldn't have happened." She was a large motherly sort of a woman clad in a freshly laundered cotton print dress and a white hat trimmed with red poppies. "We could have warned you. Us thats lived in Crystal Valley all our lives and knows animals wouldn't give Jess Barker's cow a first look, let alone a second one. But you, fresh from the city and all—really, we just feel awful about it. And—" she hesitated as if loathe to place another burden on Edna's slight shoulders, "you can't even get your money back. Last Wednesday Jess Barker bun-

dled his whole tribe up and they all hi-tailed off to his wife's folks in California."

All the next week people drove up the shady tree-bordered lane. As Tom told Edna with a touch of boyishness in his voice, "Gosh, Edna, everyone is good to us. Every person in Crystal Valley's been to call."

Like Charley Hyslop, each person brought his own home remedy for the cure of the cow. All of which Edna copied in a neat hand, thanked the donor for, put on the third shelf of the kitchen cupboard and never used. "People are very kind," she told Tom, "but if I used their remedies I'd kill the cow for sure."

Andy Doubleday, the veterinarian, drove over the last of the week. He examined the cow and left some medicine. "Only one chance in a hundred of saving her," he told Edna.

Edna paled. "Is it that bad? You mean the cow might die?"

Andy nodded. "She was undernourished in the first place and having a calf just about finished her. Of course," he added kindly, "if you could save her she'd be a wonderful cow. She's a thoroughbred Jersey and she'd give good milk."

For the next week the care of the cow became of prime importance to the Arnolds. Three times a day they cooked, bottled, and poured the medicine mixture down Molly's throat. Three times a day they held a handful of bran beneath her nose and prayed hopefully that she would at least sniff at it. Still with all their efforts the cow continued to grow thin, until her body was a frame of sharp bones draped with hide.

ALL this time Edna was conscious of a feeling of resentment, smoldering like a treacherous fire within her heart. It was all so unnecessary! Tom shouldn't have bought the cow. They would have been spared the time, the trouble and the worry. And the candy box would contain five more crisp ten dollar bills. Forgotten incidents, long buried, lived again and added fuel to the growing flame. The time Tom brought a hobo home for dinner and he walked off with Tom's best suit of clothes; that night just before Christmas when Tom gave their last cent to a widow to buy presents for her brood of five; the time Tom had his car wrecked by a drunken driver. Edna had gone with him to the man's house to demand some restitution and had stayed to hear Tom drop charges because the man was poor and there was no carpet on the floor, and she had seen Tom hand his wife five dollars to buy coal with. She could not make Tom see her point of view!

She began of a sudden to see things about her in their painful crudeness. The old house draughty as a huge barn, with its smoky range, its stuffy pantry, its low, back-breaking sink, all crying for paint and repairs; the broken-down farm buildings, not one fit to stand bitter weather; the tall weeds growing in the front yard; the rickety fence with the creaky old gate. She could see no release from it all.

"I shall grow to be like Mrs. Hartwell down the road; careless, with my hair in wisps about my face; old looking from farm drudgery; stupid with nothing to talk about but crops, chickens, eggs, horses, cows, butter and cottage cheese!"

At night in bed she planned means of escape, totally unaware of Tom's thin arms clasping her or his lips pressed against her hair as he slept. She would get her old job back. She would go live with Aunt Ellen. She

would run away, anywhere so long as she escaped.

EDNA had just given Molly her evening dose of medicine and Tom was proffering the usual handful of bran when a slight form darkened the doorway. It was Charley Hyslop.

He walked around the cow and shook his head. "I'll haul her carcass away for you in my old wagon," he offered kindly.

Edna put her hand on the cow's thin back. "You mean she's dying?"

"Afraid so. Probably won't last the night out. Too bad, too, you young folks have worked awful hard to save her."

After Charley had gone Edna and Tom stood looking sadly at Molly. It had been such a nerve-racking discouraging week.

Tom sighed and patted Molly's head. "Funny," he said huskily, "how a person gets attached to an animal—Molly, now, the way she'd 'moo' when I came in the morning."

Edna said nothing. She could think only that they were about to lose their fifty dollars. Despair descended on her like a dark cloud. She would leave in the morning. Tom would have to work out his destiny alone!

"Out in the country," Tom went on, "you have a genuine feeling for your animals same as you would for a person. Even at that, I don't suppose animals are much different from humans. A sick cow's just like a sick child."

Still Edna made no answer. For the first time in her life she was hating Tom completely, fiercely.

"Say Edna," Tom said of a sudden. "I never looked at it quite that way before. I mean about a sick cow being like a sick child. If a child's sick, what do you do? Why, you give it medicine as the doctor orders and you keep it warm—warm, Edna."

"So what?" asked Edna, smothering a feeling of tenderness at Tom's eagerness.

"We haven't kept Molly warm. If a child is sick, they give it medicine as the doctor orders, put it to bed, cover it with woolen blankets. Wool, Eddy! Haven't we something that's woolen?"

The red steamer trunk containing Uncle Rufus' woolen things came to Edna's mind.

"There's just Uncle Rufus' old woolens in the red trunk," she told Tom listlessly. What did it matter? She would be gone in the morning.

"Of course!" Tom ran out the door and returned a few minutes later dragging the trunk after him and puffing hard from exertion.

Together—Tom very eager as if clutching at a last straw, Edna half-heartedly, helping only because she could not, even in her anger, splash the ice water of objection in Tom's flushed face—they planned a campaign against death in the little shed.

First the cow must be kept warm. Obviously one couldn't put a cow to bed no matter how much he wished her recovery, so Molly was dressed. Yes, dressed in Uncle Rufus' old woolen clothes! The red trunk was robbed of its contents one by one. The red and white golf pants were fit over the hind legs and up over the hind quarters, a green and purple plaid jacket covered the middle portion (the articles were joined together with a large darning needle threaded with stout twine), the front legs and quarters were in an orange and black striped sweater, and last but not least a bright blue polka dot golf jacket was cut and arranged over the neck and head, leaving only Molly's ears and two startled brown eyes peeking out. The

final result was bizarre to say the least and was destined to be the subject of conversation in every home in Crystal Valley and become at last a legend in the little town.

Next, a fire was built close to the cow so that she might have direct benefit of the warmth, and the medicine was kept at the right temperature, not too hot, not too cold.

All night long the Arnolds fed, warmed and watched the cow. It was a difficult and tedious job. It was discouraging to Edna, yet, in spite of herself, she had caught Tom's enthusiasm. It was so discouraging that Tom under stress of emotion made a confession.

"Eddy," he confessed, standing close to her and looking down at his feet. "I never should have bought the cow. I knew it at the time, too. Really, I did. Something seemed to tell me the cow wasn't any good." He raised his head and Edna saw how tired he was, his pale face lined with weariness, beads of sweat standing out on his forehead. "But there were those kids, Edna, so hungry, all eyes, looking pleadingly at me. I can't blame you for not understanding what I mean. Sometimes, Edna, I don't understand myself the way I feel when I see someone hurt or cold or hungry. It's just as if I couldn't bear to walk on and do nothing about it."

He turned his head away. "Why you stick to me, Edna, I don't know. I've always been a drawback to you. I realize that now. I wouldn't blame you if you'd leave me."

Suddenly he was on his knees before her. "Give me one more chance, Eddy, and I promise I'll never do such a thing again. Next time I'll—I'll look the other way and pass by."

Edna brought her face close to his. "You mean it, Tom? You promise me that?" She drank deeply of triumph's sweet draught. "You promise, Tom?"

"I promise."

At three o'clock in the morning the cow mooed faintly and ate hungrily a whole handful of bran.

A MONTH later Edna stood at the bedroom window looking down at the cow grazing in the field. She looked strong and lively enough now. To think that Uncle Rufus' odd gift had saved her!

Edna was happy to-day. The chickens were starting to lay and there was every indication that she would get a good price for eggs. The cow was well and giving rich creamy milk. She'd been offered a good price for the pigs. She walked over to the front window. "Someday," she planned, We'll make that field into an orchard. We'll plant peach trees, apple trees, cherry trees. We'll plant the west field, now overrun with weeds, with golden life-giving wheat. We'll repair the farm buildings, paint the house, plant a lawn.

Suddenly she stopped and clutched the pink net curtain in her hand. Face pressed against the windowpane she watched a man walk up the lane leading a sway-backed tired-looking old work horse at the end of a rope.

It was Tom and he had bought a horse! Edna's body stiffened with antagonism. She *would* leave him, now, today! He had broken his promise to her.

With angry eyes she watched as Tom led the horse to the pump and filled a bucket with clear cold water. The horse drank thirstily and Edna noticed for the first time that his body was flecked with white foam; that raw welts glowed cruelly across his back as if a beastial hand had wielded a whip on a body too old, too broken to go on. The horse

raised its head and with dripping nose nuzzled Tom's arm. In that movement Edna saw the thankfulness, the contentment of all things abused who have at last found peace and rest.

IN that instant her body relaxed and she dropped on her knees to the floor by the window. "Tom, Tom," she sobbed quietly against the net curtains, "what a fool I've been. I thought I could change you. You, to whom kindness is as the very bone and fiber of your being—inseparable. You'll never change. And I—I, Edna, take thee, Thomas, for what thou art."

She dried her eyes and went quietly downstairs.

COMMON THINGS

By Claire Stewart Boyer

In having just the common things—
An unpretentious home,
A little, rounded flower plot,
A dream in which to roam,
Here is a life that offers grace
To anyone in any place.

To love the ordinary things—
The gentleness of light,
The lifted strength of mountains,
The swallows in their flight,
Here is a happiness as free
As one could wish for it to be.

And when the simple things are shared—
A loaf of new-baked bread,
A sudden sight of loveliness,
A thought the master said,
Here is a living high and strong
To which our common hearts belong.

Woman's Part

By Vernessa Miller Nagle

FROM the slave of man to man's equal socially, politically, and intellectually, represents many years of growth on the part of woman. Time was when women, theoretically, were perpetual minors, subjected to the control of fathers, husbands, or guardians. Through the years woman has made strides in feminine progress.

From Eden to Christ represents chronologically a long period of human growth. Out of this dim past emerges annals of the achievements of such characters as Rebekah, mother of Jacob; Miriam, the prophetess; Rachael, the beloved; Helen of Troy; Ruth, the gleaner; Abigail, the beautiful peacemaker; Dido, founder of Carthage; Sappho, greatest Greek poetess; and numerous other personalities.

During the Medieval Ages woman began gradually to outgrow her traditional bondage. We recall the name of Philippa, founder of Queen's College, England; Beatrice, inspiration of Dante; Laura, immortalized by Petrarch; Joan of Arc; and Anne of Bretague, patroness of learning.

Among those who achieved renown and accomplished deeds during the nineteenth century are Lucretia Mott, Mary Lyon, Frances E. Willard, Clara Barton, Florence Nightingale, and others far too numerous to mention.

Of the achievements of woman during the twentieth century we are more or less familiar. Woman has taken her place beside man in the professions, industries, politics, art, and science. At the time the Nineteenth Amendment became a part of our law there was ended a struggle of almost a century's duration. At this time suffrage had gained acceptance in many countries of the world.

As civilization has progressed through the ages, mankind has learned that the most desirable society is the result of men and women working side by side, shouldering alike the responsibilities of our nation's betterment and growth.

AND now, after a struggle that has extended over a period of many hundred years, has woman become more or less passive? Has she become self-satisfied with the assurance that her laurels have been won, and that there are no new fields of endeavor? Is it possible that we are resting on our oars? It is not so much the need of new fields of conquest that should concern women as the giving of her talent to the problems that encompass our every-day life.

Never in the history of our nation has there been greater need for women to strive for the solidarity of our people. We must set up the kind of homes that will build for the security of tomorrow's society. Let us rediscover the loyalty of our pioneer mothers. Let us exercise the foresight of enlightened women of today.

Among the nations of the world there are constant threats of war. The rattling of sabres is heard in the distance. Have we American women sufficiently united our efforts and thoughts on peace? Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt when asked recently her opinion regarding world peace had this to say: "If the women of the world could catch the spirit of internationalism and unite in an ac-

tive world peace movement, there would be no staying their hands. But without decision and unity women are simply submerged in mass opinion and war continues to threaten the world." Women have been accused as being hysterical in their reactions to threats of approaching wars. The woman heart anticipates the horrors of war, for it is she who has borne the sons of battle. Only the united effort of the mothers of the world will prevent the chaos we abhor—beleaguered cities, garrisoned fortifications, human suffering, and war's hideous aftermath.

The crime situation in our country, we are told, is deplorable. England has made remarkable progress in the eradication of crime. There is much to be done in America — in your town, in my town. The doctrine of Elizabeth Fry, though first scoffed at, has now become the theory of the world, and its successful operation has become an incentive to the enthusiastic social worker. Woman's aim has always been to use preventative and remedial measures rather than puntitive measures in dealing with crime. With neither clamor for applause nor desire for recompense women must continue their work along this line.

We complain of the liquor situation in the United States, but too many of us have reasoned that the liquor problems were government problems and therefore outside the realm of woman's activity. "Build ye your cities for your little ones." No condition should be permitted which is detrimental to the youth of our land. Far too many of us are contented knowing that our homes are happy and that we are warm and well fed. Should one be content in a world that is crying for help—in a time that is taxing the world's thinkers?

THE epilogue to the drama of woman's influence in moulding the destinies of the world has its setting in the far distant future but the enactment of the scene of today's achievement is in progress now. Just how well will woman play her part in this drama of life? Woman, unbigoted and unafraid, must continue to work.

PULSE OF PROGRESS

By Sadie Willes Adamson

WHILE strolling one day my eyes fell upon a wee tot climbing a rude ladder, trying in vain to reach a white rose that nodded and swayed in the sunlight and gentle breeze. There were numerous buds in reach but the tempting white rose seemed elusive to the little hand. Secure from sight I stood transfixed as the mother of the child came into view. There was no hint of alarm in her quiet voice, although the tot had climbed to quite a height as she said, "Steady son, climb higher." Instantly the little hands gripped the ladder, stepped a round higher and reaching steadily once more, obtained the rose.

Years later I met the tot now grown to manhood. His achievements were wonderful. I asked, "How do you account for your success?" I waited but a moment for the answer.

My mother was my inspiration, she constantly encouraged me to *climb higher.*"

Encouragement is the pulse of progress. Thus we grow.

A Splendid Hobby But A Poor Business

By Carlton Culmsee

ONE of the most fascinating hobbies in the world has probably the fewest devotees. I refer to verse-writing.

Wait! Don't hasten to tell me that the mails are full of verse manuscripts shuttling to and fro between wistful poet and exasperated editor.

That may be true. But only a few of these myriad poets are making a *hobby* of their writing. Most of them are trying to produce something salable. They are not writing for the joy of it but in the hope of gain. There's a vast difference, and the difference is that between a recreation and a little business which would be sordid if it were financially successful.

If the housewives and stenographers, bookkeepers and grocery clerks, teachers and business men who write verse could free themselves more from the hunger for gain and the thirst for quick glory, they could find in poetry a new world in which they could expand their souls and grow more capable of enjoying life. They could draw exquisite delight from what is now, for most of them, little more than apish and slavish labor.

If only we could forget that Miss Blank received a check for $20 from Such-and-Such Magazine for only 14 lines of poetry! If only we could forget that Byron "awoke to find himself famous." Then we might approach poetry as a labor of delight. And if we could, we should find rich compensation.

ONE delight may be called the "game thrill." The verse-writer wrestles with a rhyme scheme whose difficulties are allied to those of a crossword puzzle. Conquering a Spenserian stanza or a Petrarchian sonnet for the first time is exhilarating. The French forms, those involved arabesques called *rondeaux* and *villanelles* and *triolets,* are full of challenges to nimble wits. The most exacting of them all, the *ballade,* that rack on which many a thought has been stretched and twisted out of all human shape and color, yields the wildest thrill of all when solved at last.

Stringing vari-colored words together on undulating strands of rhythms brings a high type of pleasure. When, through one's own writing, one learns that rhythms are vehicles of emotion, not arbitrary intricacies, and that variation of the basic rhythmic pattern may be done to convey thought and feeling more emphatically, one has gained something that will enrich appreciation mightily. Then a person can, for example, begin really to appreciate Milton's musicianship in verse.

Heightened appreciation brings a broader vision, and a fuller relief for your feelings. Getting the most out of a great master of poetry means giving him a better opportunity to make articulate your own human feelings.

BUT the deepest satisfaction that may be gained from verse-writing as a hobby is, of course, self-expression. Did you ever have in childhood an irritating splinter you couldn't find for days? Do you recall the relief that came when you at last removed the splinter? For a moment the warm, relaxed feeling flowed far from the injured finger or foot to all parts of the body, a

delicious sense of well being. There are thoughts like splinters; some are more like whole cactus leaves. They are prickly and unpleasant; they rankle.

Writing poetry is a good way to get rid of these thoughts, or at least relieve the pressure. But the writer must express his own true feelings, not something he does not feel. He must follow the advice which Sir Philip Sidney heard from his Muse: "Fool, look in thy heart, and write." Look frankly into yourself and try to find what are the deeply important things in your life, the sources of your actions. Be honest with yourself.

In this, you will be aided by avoiding the great subjects in the common classifications, love poems, death poems, and so on. As Rainer Maria Rilke, Austrian poet, once wrote: "Avoid above all those patterns which are too easy and common; these are the most difficult, because a great, ripened art is needed to give freshness. . . . " Work with your own personal likes and dislikes, hurts and exaltations. Do not try to be a hero of grand passion, or try to express all woes and joys for mankind in every poem. Do not be self-conscious. Write freely to please your own heart.

And strange as it sounds, this is a type of selfishness that ultimately is most generous. If you have real artistic sensibility and if you develop your expression long enough, some day in relieving your own private feelings you will find yourself writing poems that can help relieve the emotions of all.

Then your hobby will have blossomed into the fragrance and beauty of art.

THE BIBLE

Ten million Bibles printed in three hundred and twenty-five languages are sold each year.

An English magazine a few years ago sent a communication to one hundred of the greatest men in Great Britain, asking this question: "If for any reason you were to spend a year absolutely alone, in a prison for instance, and could select from your library three volumes to be taken with you as companions in your period of retirement, please inform us what those three books would be." The inquiry was sent to peers of the realm, prominent leaders in politics, judges, authors, manufacturers, merchants, gentlemen of leisure—men who would represent every aspect of successful life. In the answers it was found that ninety-eight of the hundred men named The Bible first on the list of the three books to be chosen

The Lotus Eater

By Mabel S. Harmer

Chapter X

TWO days after Nina's wedding Mr. Winters called for her answer and Helen gave it to him very happily and very decidedly. "I am going to act upon your suggestion," she said smiling, "and put my ability to the greatest use. I believe that I have real ability as a wife and homemaker if I work real hard at the job."

"And there is no finer career in all the world," answered Mr. Winters heartily. "We shall be sorry to lose you but I am sure that you are making a wise decision."

After he had left, Helen lay back dreamily in her chair and closed her eyes. The house seemed quiet and almost deserted after the hurry and excitement of the wedding. She was glad to have her mind made up and be at peace with herself at last. She was going back—back to her home and husband. She wondered now how she could have tarried so long, for the reasons which had seemed so urgent in the past became rather trivial in her mind now.

She had almost dropped off to sleep when she heard Danny's voice outside mingled with some of his little playmates.

"I've got an uncle that's a policeman," said one little fellow proudly.

"That's nothing," chimed in another voice, "I've got an uncle that is a soldier. A real soldier."

There was a pause which Danny broke by announcing in a highly superior voice, "Ho! Those are only uncles. My very own Daddy is a cowboy."

"I'll bet he isn't," one skeptic remarked.

"I'll bet you haven't even got a Daddy," came a second voice.

"Yes I have," cried Danny, his voice rising. "I have too got a Daddy and he is a real cowboy."

Helen waited to hear no more but ran outdoors and gathered Danny in her arms. He looked up at her as if he were half pleading with her to confirm his words and she cried, "Of course you have a Daddy, sweetheart, and we are going home to him right away. Shall we start tomorrow?"

The tears which had threatened to fill Danny's eyes receded and he answered happily, "Yes, let's go tomorrow and take my dog."

HELEN rather surprised her family when she announced her sudden departure but they all took it very calmly. In fact, Ted and Marvin announced that they were glad she had finally decided to go home because they had been planning on spending the summer at the ranch and they wanted to be sure that there was a good cook around.

"It's rather hard to lose two daughters in one week," her father said, as he stood near the train that was to take Helen and Danny back to Wyoming, "but I guess that is what parents with pretty daughters can expect."

"Now be honest and say that you are really glad to see me go," laughed Helen.

"I didn't dare say so before," he answered with an understanding smile, "but I really am glad to see you go. A wife's place is by her husband's side and I was just beginning to be a little bit worried. Es-

pecially after that radio business came up."

"I'm afraid that I have been eating lotus," said Helen with a whimsical smile, "but I don't believe I was in any real danger. And I believe it will be much more fun to stay at home and hear the radio music instead of sending it out. Next time we come we'll bring Dan with us, if we have to bring the lambs too," she finished brightly.

Her heart sang in rhythm with the wheels of the train as they journeyed eastward. She was leaving the land of perpetual sunshine. She was going back to long, hard winters, to an ugly ranch house without any modern conveniences and perhaps to many hours of loneliness again, but it didn't matter. She was going home and she was going to the man she loved.

SHE had made up her mind to go so quickly that there had not been time to write to Dan and telegraph delivery was more or less uncertain at the ranch so she decided to go unannounced and take him by surprise. There was a chance that he wouldn't be there at all for he was often away with the cattle or the sheep but she would have to risk that now.

There was no one at the train to take passengers out to Green Valley so she searched around Junction City until she found a man with a car who would make the trip. She and Danny sat in the front seat with the driver and the rear seat was piled high with their luggage, including the precious radio. She had bought a very fine one, explaining that "it was all her concert and theatre money for the next five years rolled into one."

Danny hadn't forgotten for one minute that he had promised to bring home a dog and the little woolly animal had been hugged tightly in his arms during the entire trip. It was soiled and very much the worse for wear by now but Danny was sure that his Daddy would prize it just as highly as he did.

The tender green of the mountain foliage caught at the poetic in Helen's heart as it had always done and she found herself singing softly as they rolled along over the canyon road. Danny was in transports of joy and kept demanding that each turn in the road be the last one before they reach home. Finally they did emerge from the canyon and looked down upon the peaceful little valley below them. "Look Danny," said Helen pointing off into the distance, "over there is our very own home."

Her heart beat with mixed emotions as they covered each mile toward the old ranch house. Dan's letters had been brief and not too cordial the last few months. Suppose he no longer wanted her back? Such a possibility had not entered her mind before and she wondered now why she had felt so very sure of her welcome. She had been able, at least until just lately, to justify her long absence to her own satisfaction, but she had always known that Dan did not share quite the same viewpoint.

She had been hoping that Dan would be home. Now she was not quite so sure that she would be very sorry if he were away long enough for her to get her bearings, at least. They drove finally into the yard and glancing up, she saw smoke coming out of the chimney. So he was there, after all!

SHE paid the driver and gave him instructions for unloading her luggage, then clasping Danny by the hand, she made her way into the

house. She opened the kitchen door and stepped inside. It was spotlessly clean and looked very cozy and homelike, all of which rather surprised her. The old range had a fire burning in it and the various pans on the stove with their contents bubbling merrily within, gave promise of a savory dinner. Her pretty dimity curtains had been freshly laundered and a scarlet geranium bloomed between them upon each window sill.

There was no one in the kitchen, but Helen heard someone moving about in the front room and she stood clutching Danny's hand tightly as the steps came nearer. The door opened and Helen was startled to see, instead of the tall form of her husband, a young and pretty woman.

The two women stared at each other in surprise. Wild and incoherent thoughts raced through Helen's mind but she said nothing. Finally the other woman smiled and said, "How do you do?" Then as a light seemed to dawn she took a step nearer and asked, "Are you Helen?"

Helen nodded and sank into a nearby chair. If there were any shocks to bear she felt that she could take them better sitting down.

"I am Rowena," continued the other woman. "Orval's wife, you know."

"Oh," gasped Helen in quick relief, "I thought—" she stopped in confusion. It would be just as well, perhaps, not to say that she thought Dan might have grown weary of her long absence and divorced her. She smiled at her newly acquired sister-in-law and went on, "Dan told me that his brother had married but he didn't tell me your name. I'm so glad."

"We live in the Sperry house just down the road," Rowena continued. "I have been coming over each day to clean things up a bit for Dan. I suppose he won't need me any more now."

Helen went over and put an arm around her. "He may not, but I shall. You'll come over often, won't you?"

"Thank you. I'd love to. It does get rather lonesome at times when Orval is away with the sheep. I'll run along now. Dan is just out in the field, he'll be here any minute."

AFTER Rowena had gone, Helen removed hers and Danny's light wraps and set two more places on the table. Danny was hungry so she put him up to the table and gave him his supper. While he was eating she ran through the rest of the house. It was much the same as when she had left it. It was still an old weather-beaten ranch house brightened up somewhat with gay curtains and paint but it was her home and she loved it.

She ran back to the kitchen when she heard the door close after Dan. He was standing just inside the door looking at Danny as if he were a dream that might disappear if he spoke. Helen gave a little cry and ran into his arms. She clung to him for a moment and then Dan held her away at arm's length.

"Is it for good, this time?" he asked in a low tense voice.

"Oh, my dear!" she cried, stung by the hurt in his voice.

"I couldn't stand to lose you again," he said simply.

Helen was once more close in his arms. "You'll never lose me," she said softly. "I love you, Dan."

"I'm here too," said a small voice at Dan's knees and reaching down he lifted his sturdy son up between them. "So you are," nodded Dan happily. "We're all here, together."

(The End)

Rather Than Great Riches

By Kate Wilde

IN all walks of life since the beginning of time, men have acknowledged the desirability of a good name. If you have read Shakespeare's tragedy "Othello," you will recall that Iago pretended friendship in order to destroy a reputation. That he realized the enormity of his action is shown in his words to Othello:

"Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

Shakespeare, however, was not the first to express this truism. Some 2500 years before his time, Solomon is credited with these words: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." (Proverbs 22:1.) Not only in the fields of literature and religion, but men in industry and business have recognized the necessity of a good reputation. Andrew Carnegie, the American manufacturer, who in one year alone gave over one hundred thirty million dollars to philanthropy, once said: "I would prefer to lose my wealth rather than my good name and character which I have tried hardest to maintain."

A GOOD name comes as the result of living in accordance with high standards and ideals, and is upheld and sustained by one's character. As Latter-day Saints, our ideals are second to none. In our various organizations and gatherings we have ample opportunity to learn what these are and to gain the strength and determination to make them part of our daily lives. Because only as knowledge is transformed into action does it really help us or others.

ONE standard that will help build a good name is honesty. Many men in secular history have led exemplary lives in this respect. They were honest, not because it is the best policy, but because it is right. This should include honesty to ourselves as well as to others. We are frequently most gullible where our own arguments are concerned. Paul advises us: "Provide things honest in the sight of all men." (Rom. 12:7.)

Another standard is dependability or trustworthiness. However gifted an individual may be, his service to mankind cannot be very great unless he is where he should be, prepared to do what is expected of him, when he is needed.

THE true nobility of the earth are those who work and serve. Being industrious can do much to maintain a good name. I have been told about a man who has many fine qualifications. He has a gift for oratory, and is usually engaged in some phase of church or community activity. But when there is work to be done, if his eloquence can induce his wife or children to do it for him, he feels just as well satisfied with himself as people do after a good day's work. So in spite of

his fine characteristics, because he lacks industry, he does not stand very high in the estimation of those who know him well. The biographies of the great benefactors of mankind show that they were not afraid of work. The Savior's life was preeminently a life of toil.

BEING charitable is another admirable standard. As accuracy is the mark of a trained mind, charity should be the mark of highly developed spirituality. Religion didn't need to teach man self-preservation, but it did need to teach him consideration for others. It was the Savior who taught us we should bear one anothers' burdens. A man's responsibility in this respect is bounded only by his understanding, his vision, and his capacity to serve.

ANOTHER standard, humility, is closely allied with other virtues such as tolerance and forgiveness. If we have a true outlook on life, we aren't apt to be conceited; the truer the vision of life, the greater the humility. David sang: "What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?" (Psalm 8:4.) Great men are usually humble because they can readily see how insignificant they really are in the great scheme of things. If we are truly humble, we will find it difficult to be unforgiving or intolerant.

We might go on almost indefinitely naming social standards that will help build worthy character and reputation. If an individual is striving to be honest, dependable, industrious, charitable and humble, he has a good foundation for righteous living.

SHAKESPEARE suggests that others may rob us of our good name. For this reason, we should be careful that we do not, either intentionally or thoughtlessly injure the reputation of others. True, if they are innocent of wrong doing, and continue to maintain their high standards, time will re-instate them in the estimation of others, but until then they may endure much needless suffering.

No doubt each of us inherited a name that was good and honorable. But only through our own righteous efforts can we retain it, for each individual must make a name for himself—

"—there is but one day, one hour, one moment for action, and that is the present—not yesterday nor tomorrow but today. So let us build our lives today, using the opportunities at hand, meeting situations and people as they are—having respectful consideration for the past, and great but not unwarranted hope for the future—doing each hour the common-sense, intelligent thing, following the consistent program in pursuit of true happiness."

We should realize that success doesn't always mean position nor wealth; but the importance and desirability of a good name should always be paramount in our lives.

A good reputation is its own reward. It brings to the possessor a satisfaction that nothing else can. Truly, a good name is to be chosen rather than great riches.

Discovering Our Children

By Virginia and Drew Jacobsen

SPRING IS HERE—in fact, the whole year is here with its many ways of helping us discover and get acquainted with our children. As parents we are constantly confronted with the problem of understanding our youngsters, of finding ways into their confidence. We are inclined to hunt intricate ways of doing this, while all about us are rich opportunities which too often are unused. Nature has surrounded us with perfect settings for parent and child confidences; settings which erase age differences and make confidence easy and natural.

What could be more delightful for parent and child than a brisk walk in the early hours of a spring morning? It is a perfect beginning for a joyous day. No child could leave home for school, work or play, feeling grumpy after seeing the world awaken while walking and talking with Mother or Dad. Troubles and annoyances seem so trivial after watching the sun rise in quiet majesty. Understanding and love creep into our hearts as we see the shadows of night fade into roseate hues of the new-born day.

Mother and Dad seem a little more human and understanding at such a time, especially if the child is lonely and needs an understanding friend. There is no room for doubt or fear in the mind of the child who walks at dawn with his parents.

At the close of the day, a stroll in the quiet evening will erase unhappy memories or bring a perfect finish to the day. There is something in the sound of the birds nestling down for the night, the evening song of the crickets, and the rustle of the cool green leaves that draws hearts together. Most children will respond to wise parental advice and will open the windows of their souls during an evening stroll as they will at no other time. It is a natural time for confidences.

The stars, the moon, and the evening magic were not intended for lovers alone; they provide a glamorous setting for parent and child confidences as well. The child forgets the span of years between and feels on a par with his parent. Such evenings become mile posts in his life, remaining with him always.

THERE is so much about present-day living that is unnerving and fatiguing, that we should use every opportunity to escape from the turmoil and find peace and quiet. Picnic and camping trips provide occasions for change and rest which the whole family needs. After a strenuous day of work and play, a picnic in the country, the woods, or the mountains brings a soul tranquility which helps us forget unpleasant things. On such outings, parents and children grow close together, drawing the whole family into sweet unity.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher, in her book *The Brimming Cup,* gives us a beautiful picture of parental understanding. The following incident is quoted with permission of the author and her publishers, Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Little Paul, age ten years, has gone camping with old Mr. Wells, who is more than seven times Paul's age.

" 'You must have done this before,' said Mr. Wells, respectfully; 'you seem to know a good deal about camping.'

'Oh, I'm a good camper, all right,' agreed Paul. 'Mother and I have gone off into the woods lots of times. When I was littler, I used to get spells when I was bad. I do still, even now once in a while.'

Mr. Wells did not smile, but continued gravely eating his bread and bacon, his eyes on the little boy.

'I don't know what's the matter. I feel all snarled up inside. And then the first thing you know I've done something awful. Mother can tell when it gets started in me the least little teeny bit. How can she tell? And then she takes me off camping. She pretends it's because she's feeling snarled up herself. But it's not. She never is. . . We light out for the woods, Mother and I. The snarleder up I feel, the further we go. We don't fish or anything. Just leg it, till I feel better. Then we make a fire and eat.' "

What a priceless understanding of her child that mother had, and what a lasting appreciation for his mother the child developed. No discipline or trying to talk him out of those black moods could have accomplished half as much.

MOST fathers need to make opportunities for spending more time with their children, particularly their sons. The fishing streams, with their allure for most men and boys of all ages, provide a companionable setting for father and son. Dad loses his stern business air and becomes a boy again; feels as son feels about life and so can understand his problems. Son finds that Dad is really quite human, after all, perhaps he could help with that problem which has been bothering him. Sitting by the stream fishing, he finds it wasn't such a hard problem, with Dad to help him see through it. Fathers who make such opportunities to get acquainted with their sons seldom lose them through misunderstanding or wrong doing.

Children, living in the constant tumult of city life with its noise and hurry, appreciate peace and quiet. A few weeks of the summer spent in the mountains, on a farm, on a motor trip, or by the sea will do surprising things for the family morale.

One summer we decided to take our three children to the mountains, away from the heat of the city. We were somewhat dubious about the outcome of a vacation away from playmates, for our children seemed to constantly require someone to play with. After a week of blissful cool and quiet, little Jan cuddled up beside Mother on the porch and opened her heart.

"Isn't it quiet, Mother. Everything seems to be so happy! I wish we could live here always, where it is so peaceful."

Not once during the seven weeks in the canyon did the children express a desire for someone to play with. We all *found* each other in simple things—in the clouds, the trees, the moon and the stars, by the evening bonfire, on long hikes, picking wild flowers and learning their names.

HAVE you ever gone on a voyage in the clouds with your child? It is such fun to drift along on a great billowy cloud as it moves sedately through the deep blue expanse.

But when the fleecy clouds turn to dark grey ones, and the sky begins to look angry and the lightning flashes, then you have a real opportunity to look into the soul of your child. If he is afraid, you have the chance of a lifetime to show him courage. Teach him to laugh as the flash of lightning illuminates the world. It is mother nature's holiday

and she is setting off giant fireworks.

How good it is to stand together, hand in hand, watching such flambuoyant beauty. There is no room for fear of storms when parent and child stand out in the open watching nature at play.

And then comes the rain!

What fun it is to listen as the raindrops dance on the roof or the window pane, or to walk in a gentle rain and feel its freshness on face and hands, and to smell the sweetness of the earth as it drinks in the refreshing moisture. The child who watches nature at her work and play, with understanding parents, learns to find joy and peace in the very things which bring fear and loneliness to less fortunate children.

In the winter, you may not care to ski, skate, or toboggan with your children. Such sports may be a bit too strenuous for you, but there is a way you can enter into the occasion with your youngsters. A cheerful fire and a warm supper waiting when they return home with their friends will bring you close to their hearts. Your thoughtfulness will endear you to them and they will welcome you into their fun.

If your children are small, there are few things more fun than a sleighride with Dad guiding the sled down the hill. It is really fun for Father too, and will take years off his burdened shoulders, even if it does put a few aches in his legs.

A quiet winter evening spent before the glowing fire, telling stories, singing songs, toasting toes and marshmallows, provides glowing embers to light the future fires of an inspired life.

Is spring to you just a time for house cleaning? Are March winds just something to be endured? Try taking your children into the country or up on the hills to fly kites. On the way you will see the first robins, the trees and bushes bursting with buds, the early spring bulbs pushing their green noses out of the earth. You will find a new meaning to spring.

IT takes such little things to paint lasting pictures on the memories of our children; pictures which they will recall in later years; pictures which will help them over many difficulties. In years to come, it won't be the lavish gifts they will remember us for. A windy day on a hill with a kite high in the air, a swim together, a hike through autumn leaves, a baseball game with Dad pitching, a moonlight stroll with Mother—these are the memories that will be etched on the minds of our children. They will perhaps forget the many gifts under the Christmas tree, but the memory of Christmas carols with Mother or Dad at the piano and the family gathered around will come back at Christmastime each year.

"But, I haven't time to do all these things!" we hear you exclaim.

Is your job merely to clothe the child's body, or are his mind and soul part of your glorious responsibility? Most of us are so occupied with the physical side of life that we lose sight of the spiritual and aesthetic. The physical comforts or the lack of them are not quite so important if we have learned the true value of the gifts of nature which cost us nothing.

Spring and summer in the lives of our children should mean watching new things grow—flowers, grass, vegetables, puppies, kittens, chicks. If possible each should have a part in the planting and care of a little garden of his own, even if it is only a window box or a bowl of lilies. Let him feel the richness of the good earth in his hands and learn the

strength that comes from it. The sandpile offers a good introduction to the earth and provides the child his own little plot of ground in which to dig as he chooses. This also provides a rich opportunity for parent and child to get acquainted. Teach him the wonders of the world as you build mountains, valleys, rivers, lakes, and castles together.

Most children soon tire of riding up and down on a tricycle or wagon, no matter what they cost, but give them a little earth or sand to dig in and note the happy hours they will spend in joyous content.

The child who knows the clouds, wind, rain, flowers, birds, insects, and the rising sun, is seldom a lonely child. But the child, who is stranger to all these and depends on purchased pleasures, is usually restless and lonely because he desires something new and different to entertain him and keep him happy. This child has a false conception of life; someone has failed him.

THE child, who stands with his parents at the close of the day viewing the glories of the setting sun, has riches money cannot buy. Pent-up feelings, misunderstandings sink with the sun and in their place comes the radiant glow of joy and contentment. By his side are pillars of strength and understanding to steady him in life's thrilling adventure.

Yes, Spring is here! The *whole year* is here with countless ways of helping us discover our children.

Children's Reading

By Florence Ivins Hyde

No. III—Heroic Period

"Could we give one gift to every child, we should choose the love of books."

—*William Fredrick Bigelow.**

A BOOK may inspire as well as inform; it may mold ideals as well as supply ideas; it may color the outlook as well as present the facts of life. For these reasons it is important that the child have guidance in his reading, or careful selection as to what is read to him."

BOYS and Girls *will* read, and at the period between 12 and 14 they want something exciting. If good stories are not provided they will find cheap ones. Mothers should know the nature of bad books that fall into children's hands if they would successfully guide their children's reading.

There are two classes of bad books:

First—The thrilling tale of impossible adventure, weak, sentimental, and enervating; neither strong enough to incite to action, nor aiming to inculcate noble ideas of right or wrong.

Second—The really vicious tale, presenting false standards of life and morals, under the glamor of the sensational love-story, or the daring adventures of criminals, detectives or other questionable heroes.

Where good things are provided, children will come to see the worthlessness of these things, but unless they are, their views of life will be colored by them.

*Courtesy Good Housekeeping Magazine.

HAWTHORNE, in his story of the "Great Stone Face", gives us a picture of a boy growing up under the influence of a high ideal. Loving the granite profile on the mountain side, which expresses to him what is best in human character, he grows to be like it. Such is always the result of companionship with the great and good. Read this story to the family every few months, not only for its inspiration but for the beauty of the lines and the choice of words. Let us never trust to luck hoping that our boys will turn out all right even if we do not supply them with the proper material. Things *just don't happen* that way.

When we feel that the associates of our boys and girls are not just right, there is a world into which they may enter and find companionship—the world of books. They may "wander in the woods with Hiawatha, sail the seas with Sinbad the Sailor, build stockades with Robinson Crusoe, joust with Sir Galahad and play football with Tom Brown." From these playmates they will learn to be brave, self-reliant, manly, thoughtful of others and straightforward. We cannot afford to let our boys grow up without the friendship of these companions who will make them strong and true. At this age when impressions are still made quickly, a child needs an antidote for bad companionship and it can be found in the covers of a good book. Unless a boy is given a true hero he will set up a wrong sort, perhaps the bully of the school. But if he once knows these fine char-

acters in books, he will hold them as his ideals.

BOOKS influence us in two ways, aesthetically and morally. They affect taste and character. One who is called a great educator has said. "If during the first 12 years of a child's life he has been made familiar with the best literature, adapted to his thought, there need be no fear that he will ever read unworthy books. One who has not been thus trained finds poison in the printed page as well as healing."

Never allow children to buy the sensational stuff carried by news stands. The untrained child knows no difference in books. All he wants is action and excitement and he gets it. Toughs and clever cracksmen are the heroes of these cheap tales. Tales of robberies and holdups inspire a wish to emulate these things. Many criminal acts, we are told, have been inal acts, we are told, have been traced to such books as "Tracy the Bandit."

Another class of literature even more dangerous, are the stories of the demimonde, and shady tales of night life. Those who are familiar with reform work say that no other agency outside the movie, is so far responsible for crime among the young as the obscene novel and the story of successful crime.

Another dangerous class is the class in which sensationalism is made respectable. The hero is always getting into scrapes but finally grows up to marry a *nice* girl and live in peace and prosperity. This is an exceedingly dangerous type of story. Keep children's time so full that they will have no place for it.

CHILDREN, and parents too, should learn that the vital and permanent things in literature are preserved in books. Don't let magazines take their place. Let every child have his own bookcase or his shelf in the library to call his own. A good book for each birthday will soon give him a fine collection. Children do not need fresh reading matter all the time. For a very modern book, "Gay Neck", the charming story of a carrier pigeon in the war, could be read to advantage every year for years to come. If you have no one to consult about your children's reading, go to the children's librarian. Don't leave them to chance. Remember that the strongest intellects of history are those nourished in childhood upon a few good books, until the thought and style become their permanent possessions.

"Too many books dissipate the intellectual force of our children." Let us teach them, as well as ourselves to become *familiar* with a *few great* books.

Suggested Books to Buy:

Little Women — Alcott — For Girls.

Boy's Life of Lincoln — Helen Nicolay.

Ann of Green Gables—Montgomery.

Treasure Island—Stevenson.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

MARCH—Today there is joy in the world, for spring is near.

FARIDA ZULFIKAR, 16, slender and dark-eyed, became Queen of Egypt this past winter. Hers was the first royal wedding since the days of the Pharaohs and was a spectacular and joyous occasion. Farida was not permitted to be present at her wedding ceremony, neither will she ever attend official parties and must be veiled in public. She is quite modern in most things, revels in smart clothes and is deeply in love with the youthful King.

KATHARINE HEPBURN is said to be just as charming in her new comedy picture as she was in "Little Women."

CROWN PRINCESS JULIANA'S new baby girl may carry into the third generation the line of Queens reigning over the Netherlands.

MRS. MARY D. BRIGGS, postmistress of Los Angeles, receives a salary of $10,000 a year. Only New York and Chicago postmasters receive more. There are now 7,108 women in charge of postoffices. The first woman postmistress in the United States was Mary K. Goddard. She was appointed in 1775 by Postmaster General Benjamin Franklin.

MLLE. HUANG, Chinese Consul in London, is self-educated. Most of the outstanding Chinese women are daughters of Mandarins, but this young diplomat worked her way to the top.

MARY AGNES HAMILTON, one of England's most distinguished women, in a recent lecture observes that women have not advanced enough. "However," she says, "the new generation, free from old oppressions, just out of college, may do better but they don't seem as bright as they might be."

LITTLE Gloria Vanderbilt had $52,052 spent for her in 1937. Too bad some of it couldn't have been given to the malnourished children of New York.

LOTTA PAUL BAXTER, associate member of the General Board of Relief Society, died last month. She was endeared to all the women of Zion for her many fine qualities.

MARY LOUISA WOOLLEY CLARK, a beloved pioneer mother, died recently. She was an active Church worker and an exemplary Latter-day Saint.

AMELIA EARHART, lost aviatrix, left a book, the manuscript of which, with the log, charts, and maps of her last flight, have been placed in the World Center for Women's Archives in New York.

HON. AGNES C. McPHAIL, who lectured en tour in the United States recently, is the first woman member of the Canadian Parliament. She was elected as an Independent for thirteen consecutive years.

LOUISE RAINER'S performance in the "Good Earth" is pronounced by the critics the best for the year of 1937.

Friendship

By Ezra J. Poulsen

LIFE demands to be shared. Unlike money it grows more abundantly if it is spent generously, while if it is hoarded, it first shrivels, then succumbs entirely to the poison of its own thwarted impulses.

Silas Marner, counting his clinking coins by his lonely fireside, and gloating as the small accumulation increased, was himself growing less and less, until not a single thread of human fellowship connected him with the throbbing life of the village. Then he lost his money; little Eppie came, and he grew rich—in love for his fellows.

In a similar way the life of every individual blossoms and bears fruit in the rich soil of friendship. By putting ourselves into harmonious relationship with others we become part of the eternal cycle of abundance. We receive much, we give much, and the world is enriched.

Too much of getting and too little of giving, however, has turned the scales of fortune against more than one individual. As Emerson says, "Nature kills the man who tries to take too freely. What she puts into his chest, she takes out of the man."

Of course spendthrift giving may also lead to disaster. But friendship is the balance between all the extremes of life; it is the sense of perfect whole in human relations. There is not too much nor too little between true friends, for there is perfect understanding.

IT should not be supposed that great givers are necessarily spendthrifts. More often they are those with the most perfect sense of value. In every community, especially every frontier community, there are great givers, friends-at-large they may be called, on whom the rest depend heavily. My Grandmother was such a person, and there was not a home in the entire settlement into which she did not go to care for the sick, and encourage the weary. In fact, for an entire generation she presided at the two most important functions connected with mortal existence—birth and death.

Folks often said she was bringing herself prematurely to the grave, that she was not appreciated. But somehow behind her understanding smile was a faith, a conception of eternal value that made even a reply unnecessary. So she kept on through the years being a friend, and in the kindness of Providence, lived to a ripe old age, surrounded by a large appreciative posterity. As for friends—well, everyone who knew her was proud to be considered as such.

The kind of friendship my Grandmother possessed has been one of the rich contributions of the Relief Society to humanity. There are thousands of others like her, and if their mantles are worn successfully by their successors of the present generation, the art of true friendship will continue long in the valleys of the mountains.

THERE are certain elements of technique in the maintenance of lasting friendship which may not safely be ignored. To begin with, friendship should be held on a high plain of dignity; it should recognize the sacred precincts of individuality beyond which none may tread. Friends should have much in common, yet not all things. Many a fine friendship has gone on the rocks because of failure to recognize this fact. The attempt to force another's

will or belief has often led to lifelong misunderstanding. The same can be said of presuming too far on another's rights. Excessive borrowing, meddling with the affairs of others, and careless talk are all violations of the basic technique of friendship.

True friendship is always willing to overlook another's faults. A mistake which naturally carries a penalty is to try to mould into one exact pattern all those with whom we associate. The broad tolerance which emphasizes "the milk of human kindness" without compromising one's own standards is likely to work the greatest wonders with true friendship. The good friend, like the good Samaritan, serves and asks no questions, yet in the course of events he is infinitely more effective in his effort to improve the moral fabric of society than the Pharisee who says, "Behold me, I am good."

SOME people make friends and leave them; others never wander beyond a few tried friendships. The law of growth seems to favor those who would add to what they already have, but the law of constancy requires that they forsake not that which is good.

Francis Bacon is said to have used his friends to promote his political ambitions, abandoning them for others as time and the occasion demanded. It would be hard to think of a more flagrant violation of the technique of friendship. Yet, in fairness to the great English scholar and statesman, it should be remembered that the accusation may not be altogether true. The sad truth is, however, that friendship has frequently been "cashed in" as if it were a coupon clipped from a bond of infinite worth. Such constitutes a forced payment, destroying the source from which it is made.

On the contrary, nevertheless, millions have found that their investments in friendship paid the highest dividends. It is easy to recall examples of one friend coming to the rescue of another in time of need; it is still easier to see opportunities to be such a friend.

A ROSE

By Naomi Shepard MacCabe

I HAVE a neighbor who comes every morning with a lovely rose and a bit of philosophy. "Happiness and good luck for the day," she smiles.

How wonderful to have a friend who thinks I am worthy of a rose each day! After she has gone I wonder what I have done, what seeds I have sown, to reap such a harvest of thoughtfulness and friendship.

Though she is not one of my own religion, though her philosophy of life may not be the same as my own, it matters not. This tiny offering thrills my whole being, makes my heart sing with joy and stimulates a desire to pass on to those with whom I come in contact the message of love, beauty and friendliness that the cheerful giver of this gift has left with me.

What a wonderful way to spread this Gospel of ours, if each morning every man, woman and child would take the time to pass on to a neighbor a word, a bit of philosophy, a little gift of kindness. It may not always be accompanied by a sweet smelling rose, but it can carry a message of friendliness and love.

Notes to the Field

Time of Lesson Presentation

A NUMBER of letters have come to the office requesting that the month the lesson is to be presented be published in connection with each lesson.

All of the organizations do not begin lesson work at the same time, thus making it impossible for this procedure to be followed. It is optional with the stakes whether they begin the lesson courses in September or October. To meet the convenience of those who wish their lesson courses earlier, the first lessons for the year are published in the July issue of the Magazine. This gives the stakes starting in September the opportunity of having the lessons two months in advance of their presentation. If the class leaders will watch the publication of the lessons and keep this fact in mind, they will be able to determine which lesson should be presented each month.

Work and Business

ONE of the best means of stretching the clothing budget is to remodel old or used clothing, using for smaller and younger children partly worn-out articles, those that have been outgrown by older children, or clothes that have been worn so long one has become tired of them.

The secret of successfully using old clothing is to change the identity of the original article as much as possible. Don't just make the dress, skirt, coat, or trousers smaller by taking in the seams, shortening the sleeves or skirt, or using some other means to make the old article do for the smaller child.

Very little difficulty will be encountered in satisfying a child with a remodeled dress, coat, or trousers, if the article looks like new, and not like mother's, father's, or an older brother's or sister's, made smaller.

The most satisfactory way to remodel any garment is to pick the old one apart. Clean pieces well, a good tubbing in mild suds being the most satisfactory method if the fabric can be handled that way. Then the new garment should be cut from the old, discarding the worn spots and changing the style as much as the pieces of the original will permit.

Buckles, buttons, and trimming on adult garments may not be suitable for a young person. Usually they are not. A small outlay of money for a touch of trimming will help make the old material into a garment suitable for a young person and may make all the difference in the world to the happiness of a child for whom the garment is made.

Don't discard old clothing that is good enough to be made over. Remodeling is the best method there is to make the dollars for clothing cover the needs of the family.

Notes from the Field

ARGENTINE MISSION ART EXHIBIT

Argentine Mission

THE above picture shows a group of Relief Society workers in the midst of their beautiful art exhibit. Sister Cecile S. Young, the Relief Society President of the Argentine Mission, writes in a most interesting manner of the progress made during the past year. The lessons have been greatly enjoyed and while the number of Relief Society members is not so great, the lessons are passed on to investigators and are sent to the members who are located where they cannot attend the meetings. It is necessary for the lessons to be translated into Spanish and German.

To quote from Sister Young, "One of our most interesting meetings was in a new district with new members. The German sisters of the oldest branch go to the new district in the city and help the sisters in the programs and lessons. This seems to give them real joy. The programs are interesting in all of the branches. In the Pueyrredon Branch the work is carried out in the German language, and they all love to sing 'We Love Our Work,' while in all the other branches the work is in Spanish. We had 'The Other Wise Man' told to most of the organizations. A great deal of interest has been aroused and much promise for the new year is felt."

Tongan Mission

FROM another distant mission comes a beautiful message. Sister Evelyn H. Dunn, President of the Tongan Mission Relief Society,

MYRTLE BOHI AND DAUGHTERS

speaks in a very interesting manner of the work of the sisters in the Tongan Mission. She feels that the activities during the past year have been very extensive and the Relief Societies in the mission are in an excellent condition. The sisters are humble and most sincere in trying to do everything that is asked of them. A very beautiful spirit that finds expression in labor is the service which the native sisters give to the missionaries.

To quote from Sister Dunn, "We have started a movement to encourage the Saints to beautify their homes by planting flowers. At the last conference here in the Togatabu district we had a flower show, and although the flowers did not come in great numbers, still it was a very creditable showing. A few Europeans of the town heard about it and came to the mission home to see the show. They were very much surprised and delighted. I feel that we shall be doing a good work if we can encourage the Saints in this line."

Rexburg Stake

A VERY interesting account of a Daughters' Day celebration comes from Rexburg Stake. During the month of August the Salem Ward held its Daughters' Day. The above picture is a mother with her eight daughters. The President writes, "Each officer's daughter took her mother's place and where the officer had no daughter someone was selected from the Relief Society membership. The girls conducted the meeting, furnished an enjoyable program and served refreshments. At this gathering there were 43 mothers and 65 daughters present. A prize was awarded to the mother who had the largest number of daughters. This was won by the chorister, Mrs. Myrtle Bohi, with her eight daughters.

BESSIE LAW AND DAUGHTERS

Morgan Stake

MORGAN County is doing some fine work in the field of health. Believing in visual education, a picture was presented in the Morgan Ward together with an excellent health lecture. The County nurses rendered great service in this particular. The picture "Behind the Shadow" was furnished by the State Board of Health. All wards in the stake were invited and some very interesting facts were presented. This activity was held on the fifth Tuesday in November. The Stake Relief Society officers were pleased with the success of this picture and hope to give more of this type of instruction.

Deseret Stake

DESERET Stake presents a very interesting item about its activity and work. Of particular interest was the meeting held in the Delta First Ward during January of this year. The Presidency of the ward entertained in honor of the Visiting Teachers who had a record of 100% visiting-teaching during the past year. To each of the sisters who had achieved this, a gift was made in appreciation for the work. Of especial note was the recognition, for outstanding service, of Johanna Dekker, a convert from Holland, who has labored faithfully as a Relief Society teacher and has the enviable record of 100% visiting-teaching for the past fifteen years.

She is as faithful in all duties as in this particular service, and it is a real pleasure on the part of her co-workers to recognize her service. A beautiful table lamp was presented to her. The picture included in this Stake's activity is another evidence of the interest of the stakes in the Daughters' Day. This picture is of Sister Bessie Law and her seven daughters, who participated in the celebration in Deseret Stake.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XXV MARCH, 1938 No. 3

Editorials

Forward

TO Oberlin College in Ohio, founded in 1833, goes the honor and distinction of being the first institution of higher learning to open its doors to women. The announcement is of interest: "for the elevation of female character by bringing within the reach of the misguided and neglected sex, all the instruction privileges which have hitherto unreasonably distinguished the leading sex from theirs." Four young women enrolled as freshmen in regular college courses in 1837. These women were graduated in August, 1841, and are supposed to have been the first women to receive degrees in the arts, under the standards prevailing in the best men's colleges of the day.

The year following, 1842, a prophet of God said, "I now turn the key to you in the name of God and this Society shall rejoice and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time. This was given as women were beginning the early skirmishes of a long drawn-out battle for recognition. Those grandmothers and great grandmothers of ours, no less inherently able than women today, realized the need of women for greater opportunities for self-development. Women of character, with their eyes open, their visions clear, they endured the hardships and abuses of pioneering in the field of education. Indebted to them, we today find ourselves safely launched in practically all fields of human endeavor.

The Relief Society has known seven valiant leaders who have caught the vision of the Prophet, and have been tireless in their devotion to the full development of Latter-day Saint women. Cognizant that the dual source of education is wide experience and formal training, abundant opportunity has been pro-

vided for each, thus bringing education to thousands of women.

The Relief Society has exerted a profound influence upon the attitudes, ideals and conduct of its members. It has helped them to evaluate life in terms of its real worth to themselves and society. It encourages its members to avail themselves of educational opportunities wherever they are to be had, realizing that the more points of educational contact the more complete will be development and the greater will be the hope of abundant living.

Surely 75,000 educated women, banded together under the inspiration and guidance of a Heavenly Father will do much to push further back the frontiers of ignorance and advance far toward the end of attaining the good life for all.

That the organization will go on and on in its mission of human welfare there can be no doubt.

Self-Control

A FEW years ago a young man startled the world by piloting, for the first time in history, an airplane across the mighty Atlantic Ocean. Alone at the controls he guided the ship in safety to its destination; a hazardous voyage brought to a glorious conclusion because the pilot had perfect control of both himself and his plane.

Control is the ability to exercise a directing influence, to guide, and to regulate. In all things we find the greater the control, the more perfect will be the performance. The world's great singers know voice control; artists bring delight and inspiration because of their control of color and brush; the dancer and the actress alike know success because of the power to direct the body at will. So must every individual have mastery of himself if he would perform well in the *Drama of Life*.

Confucius said, "A man who knows how to govern himself knows how to govern others; and he who knows how to govern other men, knows how to govern a nation." Loa Tze said, "Mighty is he who conquers himself." From Buddha we have, "Though a man conquer a thousand men in battle, a greater conqueror is he who conquers himself."

Jesus of Nazareth taught the great principle of self-control, both by precept and example. Where may we find greater evidence of self-mastery than in the "temptations"? When tempted with food after a long period of fast he had power to subdue the appetites of the flesh; he was not found wanting when tested by the temptation of power and dominion; he showed complete mastery over pride and vanity. It is certain that nothing short of perfect self-control can master like temptations with which man everywhere is confronted. Self-control is a most vital principle in the message of the Masters, and is man's first duty to himself.

Many things which under control are a benefit and blessing to mankind become a menace when out of control. Water, fire, electricity, the train, the airplane, the automobile, when not mastered become the master and bring depredation and disaster in their wake.

Likewise, in man self-control is the key to useful and happy living while lack of it brings untold misery. The individual without self-control is like a ship without sail or rudder, and is apt to be dashed against the rocks and destroyed. The greatest enemy of conscious control is runa-

way emotion. We do things when we are angry, hurried, worried, or afraid, of which when reason returns, we are often ashamed. Ill-temper, irritability, the tendency to grouch, envies, jealousies, hatreds and bitterness, bring endless unhappiness and might be avoided by the exercise of but a small amount of control. There are numerous times when the slightest effort might save an entire day of hard feelings.

In matters of great moment as well as in lesser things, control plays a vital part. It is said the two great causes of war are economic rivalry and uncontrolled emotions.

The world today is sorely in need of individuals with the power of self-mastery; persons who have emotional control; who practice control of the appetites, passions and impulses; who exercise moderation in working, playing and resting; who know self-restraint. Self-restraint is so much more desirable than restriction by others. Restraint from without has a tendency to make one rebellious and thus often defeats its own purpose, while that which is self-imposed brings character development, power, and satisfaction.

Self-controlled persons are desirable, attractive, influential and respected persons.

Commendation

THE office has received many communications from different sources highly commending the notice in the December issue of the Magazine relative to the removing of flowers at funerals. The following from one of the City's leading morticians is typical.

"The notice in the December issue of the *Relief Society Magazine* directed against the practice of removing flowers from our chapels prior to the exit of mourners at funeral services is timely, and I am sure, will have the desired effect, coming as it does from your organization. Permit me to express my appreciation for this indicated reform.

"The practice referred to, which has been followed in our communities for several years is positively without merit. To my mind there is nothing commendable about it."

Book Notice

A DELIGHTFUL and attractive book of verse entitled "Main Street" has been published by Rachel Barney Taft. It should be especially enjoyed by those interested in pioneer life in Salt Lake Valley. In addition to the poems of pioneer life the book contains numerous short poems dealing with a wide variety of subjects. Her poetry expresses a high seriousness and provides inspirational reading. "Main Street" may be purchased at the Deseret Book Co. or Auerbach Book Co. for $1.00.

ERRATUM

AN error was made in the article "Children's Reading" by Florence Ivins Hyde, published in the February issue. The author of "Biography of a Grizzly" is Ernest Thompson Seton.

Music Department

TONE-QUALITY AND INTONATION

By Charlotte O. Sackett and Wade Stephens

ALL sound is composed of vibrations in the air. If the air-waves are regular and uniform in length, the sound is a tone, but if they are composed of many vibrations of different length, the result is a noise. It is the aim of every singer to eliminate all unnecessary vibrations from the voice, so as to produce a pure tone. When this is successfully done, we say that the voice has a tone of good quality.

The vocal tone, to have good quality, must first of all be accurate in pitch. Without this attribute, it cannot be eloquent, regardless of the singer's excellence in other directions. The pitch must be steady, without any wobbling up or down. The best vibrato in a soloist's voice is not a variation in pitch, but in intensity; and the ideal chorus voice is perfectly steady, having no vibrato whatever. The singer must be capable of varying the intensity, or loudness, over a wide range without change in pitch, and without permitting unnecessary vibrations to enter into the tone-colour. The ability to do this depends upon a long course of fine vocal training which few chorus singers have had, so one of the difficult problems of a chorus conductor is to build a good tone-quality that is accurate in pitch.

THE successful chorus conductor is skilled in two departments of vocal art, besides being a good musician. These two are tuning and blending. A chorus is in tune when all the singers of a part sing exactly the same pitch, and the parts are the correct distance in pitch from each other. Blending depends upon teaching the singers how to sing with a similar quality, a similar intensity, and a similar emotional reaction to the music.

Choruses seldom sharp; they flat. The conductor's problem, then, in tuning the chorus is to prevent the pitch from going down. Nobel Cain gives the following causes of flatting:

1. Bad voice production and tone quality.
2. Lack of mental alertness.
3. The habit of flatting.
4. Extreme heat.
5. Absorption of tone by surroundings.
6. Physical or mental fatigue.
7. Defective hearing.

The chorus should be so selected as to eliminate the last of these. The sixth can be partly controlled by the director, but not entirely. Four and five can be easily overcome. The first three are the conductor's problems. We are discussing only the first in this article, and we agree with Mr. Cain that it is the most important.

Blending of a chorus is dependent upon voice production as much as its intonation. Only by a similar correct production of the tone can singers have similar quality and leave the vocal apparatus relaxed enough to reflect the emotional content of the music sung. Loudness and softness are a part of the emotional element. The conductor must therefore endeavor to teach the untrained singers in the chorus good voice production.

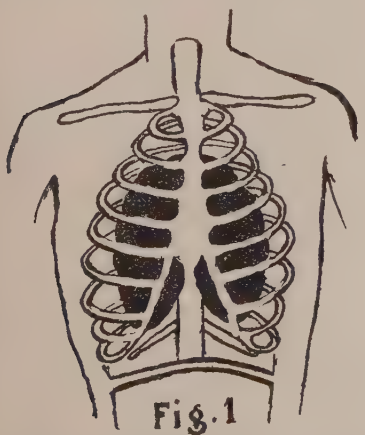
THE basis of voice production is breathing. The term "breath control" is misleading, since by trying to control the breath, the untrained interferes with its proper action. We must think not of the breath, but of the tone quality, after first learning how the large muscles of the thorax control the breath automatically.

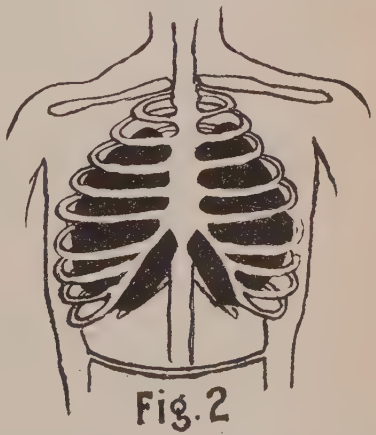
The lungs consist of five unconnected lobes, three on the right side and two on the left. There are no muscles in the lungs themselves, so they become filled only when they are pulled or stretched open by the action of the large muscles that surround the chest. The upper lobes of the lungs become partially filled when the chest is raised. This is the way the average untrained singer breathes, using only a small part of the air capacity of the upper lobes of the lungs. Is it any wonder there is no breath?

In order to fill the lungs to their capacity, it is necessary to raise the chest and expand the back and the muscles under the armpits. This fills the upper lobes. The lower lobes are filled by expanding the muscles in front between the lowest ribs (the "solar plexus"), the intercostal muscles at the sides of the lower chest, and the large muscles just above the small of the back. The result of learning to breathe this way will be approximately three times the former breath. The diaphragm's function is to push up into the thorax, compressing the air in the lungs and helping to force it out, but the diaphragm is an involuntary muscle, and can never be controlled by the will. It will operate automatically if the voluntary muscles described above are handled correctly.

CORRECT posture will expand all these muscles in the most advantageous manner. It is useless to try to control so many muscles simultaneously, because such a control is too complicated for the mind to learn easily. Learn to place the chest, shoulders and back in the proper position for singing, and you are on the road to good singing.

The correct standing position for singing is this: feet a little part, with weight mostly on the balls of the feet; spine very tall—attempt to pull





Compare the two diagrams. In Fig. 1, the ribs slant forward and the lower chest is collapsed, allowing the diaphragm to curve upward. In Fig. 2, the ribs are horizontal, the lower chest is expanded, and the diaphragm curves downward. Notice the greater lung capacity in figure 2.

even the natural curves out of it; front of chest high, shoulders low and supported by the shoulder blades in back, rather than the ribs in front; base of ribs broad, both from side to side and from front to back. When this position is achieved, the sensation will be that the thorax or chest is broader at its base than the hips, and almost round, tapering like a cone to the neck, where the point of the cone is the larynx or voice-box. It will be no effort to hold the chest up and the shoulders back. There must be no tenseness anywhere, as tenseness destroys the conditions necessary for good singing. It is a curious but very natural thing that the best posture, once achieved, is the easiest way to stand. Only when the body is correctly placed is it properly balanced.

WHEN in this position, the lungs are always full except when air is forced out of them. Their *natural* condition is full of air. Therefore, when the posture is correct, a singer *does not have to draw in the breath.* If it is necessary to *take* breath before singing, the posture is wrong. The lungs, when perfectly relaxed, should be full, not empty. The attention of the singer can then be directed to the pushing out of the air across the vocal chords. This is the action that is properly termed "breath control."

Air is expelled from the lungs in singing by the contraction of the large, strong muscles that surround the *lower* part of the chest. The greatest contraction takes place in the *back,* across the lower ribs. This allows the diaphragm to do its share of the contracting. The chest should never be allowed to sink or the shoulders to change position, as this stops the movement of the diaphragm.

While air is expelled in this way, the attention should be focused on the tone. If the tone is good, the breath will last long. If any attempt is made to hold back or conserve the breath, the result will be shortness of breath, since muscles cannot contract and expand at the same time.

Correct breathing is the basis of all that is excellent in singing. Only after it is mastered can we proceed to the consideration of other problems, as upon the breath depends tone-colour, intonation, and flexibility of tone.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

LESSON NO. 9

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CHRIST ON CIVILIZATION

Helpful References

Powers, H. H., *The Art of Florence.*

Any High School history text which discusses the art and literature of the Middle Ages.

Farrar, F. W., *Great Books.*

Any good Encyclopedia under the headings of Music, Art, etc.

Consult teachers of Art and Music in local schools.

1. *The Coming of Christ Marked a New Era in Human History.*—The coming of Christ in the flesh, His death, and resurrection, has had a most profound effect upon human history. From whatever point of view men interpret Christ's mission and work, it is almost universally agreed that His influence upon the world has been incalculable. Even when men have misunderstood Christ's mission and teachings, and have brought untold misery and suffering in His name, they have borne strange witness to His greatness. The Spanish conquest of Mexico and Peru, and the prayers of millions in so-called Christian nations on both sides during the World War are evidences of this fact.

On the other hand we must keep in mind that we are heirs to the abiding values of life that have come through the centuries. The influence of Christ's life on music, art, literature,—in fact on all those things that together help to make up a really full and civilized life—is truly great. We cannot afford to forget that men have lived great lives, and have left us a heritage that is deathless, because Christ gave an example that inspired their souls. Wycliffe, Tyndale, Luther, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Abraham Lincoln, Joseph Smith, and Brigham Young are but a few names that come to mind as we reflect on this theme.

2. *Christ's Influence on Literature.*—In the limited space at our command we can but barely mention a few specific examples of Christ's influence on the vast literature at our command.

First in importance to us as a people is the Bible. We mean the whole Bible, the Old Testament as well as the New Testament, because the Gospel teaches that Christ is the figure behind the writings of the prophets and seers of old. "From Genesis to Revelation," says Professor James Orr, "we feel that this book is in a real sense a unity. . . It has one connected story to tell from beginning to end . . . there is plan, purpose, progress; the end folds back on the beginning. . . . There is nothing exactly resembling it, or even approaching it in all literature."

The teachings of Christ must have penetrated the very soul of Shakespeare whom Dean Milman classed among the great Christian poets. Keble has been quoted as saying of Shakespeare, "He favored virtue from his very soul, and led the way to sounder views even upon sacred things, and to juster sentiments concerning God Himself." Dean Farrar,

the famous English divine, said, "In the plays of Shakespeare, however, those eternal verities of God's revelation are scarcely ever out of sight. Shakespeare's mind was saturated with the Bible."

Great as the position of Shakespeare is in the history of our literature, there are, nevertheless, authors whose works, in contradistinction to those of that great master, bear a more direct relation in subject, if not, indeed, in phraseology, to the Christ and his ministry.

What shall we say in so brief a treatment of the countlessness of the contributions of poets and prose writers to the divine drama of the Christian life. Beginning with *Piers the Plowman,* a vision of the people's Christ and a searching satire on current abuses of Christian liberty, we travel rapidly and pass such works as the Arthurian romances with their story of the search for the Holy Grail; Christopher Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* in which the drama reached the heights of poetic fancy, its stirringly inspirational lines reflecting Biblical sentiments, as in the section which begins, "See! See! where Christ's blood streams in the firmament"; Ben Jonson, whose *Ode to Heaven* is marked by deep feeling and well-assimilated New Testament phrases. Nor can we fail to notice as on we hurry such poets as John Milton and his *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained;* Alfred Tennyson where references to the Christ abound in *Morte D'Arthur, Balin and Balan, The Holy Grail, The Passing of Arthur, Crossing the Bar* and *In Memoriam;* and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who once wrote to Robert Browning, "We want the touch of Christ's hand upon our literature as it touched other dead things."

Nor have our modern poets entirely divorced themselves, despite the tendencies of the times, from Christian themes as evidenced by such titles as *The Man Against the Sky, The Valley of the Shadow,* and *The Man Who Died Twice* from Edwin Arlington Robinson.

Of the Prose writers we can mention but a few milestones in the great stream which has flown incessantly since the Christ struck the rock of human feeling and emotion.

In *Pilgrim's Progress,* John Bunyan, a brazier or tinker, out of the abundance of a Christian heart which drew its inspiration from the Bible, wrote one of the masterpieces of English literature and one of the finest interpretations of Christian experience.

Of *The Imitation of Christ,* by Thomas A. Kempis, a German Monk, Dean Farrar has said:

"The *Imitation of Christ* sends the penitent to neither Church nor council, nor pope nor priest, nor saint nor angel, but to the Eternal God. It says, 'Go fearlessly, O Prodigal! and clasp thy Saviour's very feet'."

3. *Christ's Influence on Art.*— Profound as has been the influence of the Christ on Literature, it has been no less dynamic as a force in art. When we begin to realize that the art of a whole civilization was, for at least fourteen centuries, devoted almost exclusively to the Christ and his Message we see a force which no other single man ever possessed. H. H. Powers in *The Art of Florence; an Interpretation* says:

"The term Christian, as applied to art, may be used in two senses. On the one hand, it may mean the art of countries and periods which have recognized, in a degree at least, the Christian religion. In that sense, all the art of Europe for the last sixteen hundred years, with the single

exception of the Moorish art in Spain must be accounted Christian. . . The word will be more serviceable, however, if used in a more limited sense. From the fourth century to the sixteenth, art was developed primarily in the service of the Christian religion. Not only were the subjects treated for the most part related to its history and practices, but in their expression we can easily trace habits of thought and ideals which were derived wholly or in part from this faith."

Obviously we cannot do more than mention a few of the most famous of these masterpieces.

Who has stood in the church of the S. M. delle Grazie in Milan and has not felt inspired by that most famous of all paintings "The Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci? Or viewed for the first time the most famous of the Raphael Madonnas —*The Sistine Madonna* and *The Madonna of the Chair,* and has not paid homage, though perhaps unconsciously, to Him who was born of a virgin?

Nor need we look alone to painting as the sole custodian of Christian art, for we need but take a glimpse at Michael Angelo's *Madonna of the Stair* with its exquisite beauty in relief to realize that the Christ's influence thoroughly permeated all of the finer arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture.

4. *Christ's Influence on Music.*— The influence of the Christ upon music has been no less marked than upon painting and sculpture.

The scriptures have furnished the themes for a wealth of songs, hymns, oratorios, cantatas and anthems. Turning to the Masters at will, we are conscious that they have derived some of their noblest themes from the life of the Christ, and their greatest work has been inspired by Christian faith, hope, and love.

Perhaps the name above all others in music which has been inspired by the religious impulse is that of George Friedrich Handel.

The Messiah is undoubtedly one of the best and most popular oratorios of all time. The words are taken bodily from Isaiah, the Gospels, and Revelation, and the music is certainly appropriate to such a high theme. Handel is quoted as having said that "during the composition of the Hallelujah Chorus I did think I did see all Heaven before me, and the great God himself."

The Messiah is divided into three parts: First the announcement of the hopes for a Savior, then the story of his birth; Second, the suffering and crucifixion; Third, confession of faith and belief in life everlasting. The entire work was completed in twenty-three days.

Nor is Handel the only Englishman to produce oratorios of inspiration from the Christ's life. Sir William Bennett composed "The Woman of Samaria." Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote two oratorios "The Prodigal Son" and "The Light of the World." Sir Edward Elgar, called the greatest writer of oratorios since Bach and Handel, earned fame with his "Apostles" and "The Kingdom."

Though it may seem strangely out of place to some, we cannot overlook the tremendous influence of Christian themes of Salvation and Redemption in American negro spirituals which culminated in what has been called the most characteristic of American Symphonies "From the New World" by Anton Dvorak.

To appraise rightly, to assert neither too much nor affirm too little about the influence of a man whose effect has been chiefly on the hearts of men, who has molded the motives

not of a few but of multitudes, who shaped destinies by words that have touched the inner sentiments of voiceless millions,—that is a task beyond the powers of any man. When one deals with the things of the spirit, there are no divining rods by which the course of the secret emotions of human hearts may be fully traced; but sure we are of one thing —the Christ will live forever in the works that His spirit has produced.

Questions

1. Can you name any other men who have greatly influenced the world of literature, art, and music? Compare their contribution with that of the Christ.

2. What has been the influence of the Christ on art, music, and literature in the Mormon Church? Give specific illustrations. Can we do more than we have done?

3. The illustrations given in this lesson are mainly from European writers and artists. Can you mention some American writers or artists who have been profoundly influenced by Christian themes?

4. Are unsightly and unkept fences, grounds, and buildings both civil and ecclesiastical a reflection on our religious ideals? Explain.

Problems

Treat only those that time and circumstances will permit.

1. Obtain a copy of the score of Handel's "The Messiah" and compare it closely with Isaiah. With the Gospels. With Revelations.

2. The Salt Lake Temple has six spires. What do these spires symbolize in our religion? What influence did religion have on architecture and the form of churches in the Middle Ages? Have someone give a short report.

Teacher's Topic

LESSON 9

THE FRIENDSHIP OF JESUS

"There is but one Ideal Friend in whom we find, perfect and complete, that friendship for which we look in all men."

"A friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.—Happy is the house that shelters a friend."—*Emerson.*

FRIENDSHIP is as hard to understand as it is mighty. In the course of time many acquaintances are made who give us happy hours but from this host comparatively few become our friends. Friendship seeks to win nothing, but to give all. It is a sacred relationship which brings aid and comfort thru serene days and rough days, adding to happiness, and increasing usefulness. It expresses itself in esteem, respect, and affection, seeking the society and welfare of the one called "Friend."

Emerson says, "I must feel pride in my friends' accomplishments as if they were mine, and a property in his virtues. I feel as warmly when he is praised, as the lover when he hears the applause of his engaged maiden. We overestimate the conscience of our friend. His goodness seems better than our goodness, his nature finer, his temptations less. Everything that is his, his name, his form, his dress, books and instruments,—fancy enhances. Our own thought sounds new and larger from his mouth."

When a friend fails us in a crisis or we fail a friend there is no bitterness quite so bitter while the joy and peace drawn from a proven friend is the rarest sweetness, causing us to say, "What is so great and fine as friendship."

Jesus exemplified the perfection of friendship, counting all men his friends. He gave his life for man.—

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Aside from this great universal love, Jesus knew intimate, individual friendships. That existing between him and his disciples was superb. He said to them:

"Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his master doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.

"Ye have not chosen me but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye shall go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit shall remain: and whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you."

Jesus was the friend to all who came to him. He fed the hungry, healed the sick, comforted the poor and tormented. None who came was ever turned away. Even the sinner found a friend in Jesus. When a woman who had sinned was brought before Jesus, the multitude would have stoned her. But Jesus said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." And to the woman he said, "Go and sin no more."

In the period of time when Jesus lived among men, children were not honored and treated with the consideration shown them today, Jesus was the friend of children.

"And they brought unto him also infants, that he would touch them; but when his disciples saw it, they rebuked them.

"But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

As Jesus was the friend of children so was he of women also.

Who could be friend to a traitor! Jesus greeted that cold hearted traitor, Judas, at the very climax of his treachery with the tenderest title of all:

"And Jesus said unto him, Friend, wherefore art thou come? Then came they, and laid hands on Jesus, and took him."

Jesus desired not only friendship between himself and mankind. He wanted to unite all men in bonds of friendship.

"This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you."

Everyone needs friends. Friendship should be cultivated. Everyone should strive to be friendly and to conduct himself so as to deserve to be considered worthy of being a friend. Intelligence and effort are required in establishing friendship. The elements upon which it is based are: sincerity, tenderness, tolerance, interest, unselfishness, humility, appreciation, consideration and confidence.

"The best way to have a friend is to be one."

References: John 15:13; John 15:15-16; John 8:11; Luke 18:15-16; Matt. 5:27-32; Theology Lesson 6, *Relief Society Magazine,* January, 1937—"Christ the Champion of Women"; Matt. 26:50.

Questions

1. How may we develop friendliness?

2. Give further illustrations of the friendliness of the Master.

3. Cite from the Old Testament examples of fine friendships.

4. Why is friendliness essential to well being?

5. What effect does a rebuff have upon an individual when offering friendship and how should it be treated?

Literature

Lesson IX

The Romance of an Old Playhouse

AS WE approach the end of this remarkable book, "The Romance of An Old Playhouse," the writer of these lessons hopes that those who have read and enjoyed have discovered that its author, Superintendent George D. Pyper, has been writing of a personality, a loved-one, an *Alma Mater*. This was no mere building of lumber and brick and stone, but a temple of the arts which fostered her children through a long period of time.

Says he, in opening Chapter twenty-four: "I have long believed that through some psychological inheritance, the tense and dramatic experiences of the pioneers of Utah left such an impress upon their children, and upon the whole community, as to produce a reaction which could only find expression upon the mimic stage. Some such conclusion seems reasonable, especially when we follow the dramatic activities of the "Mormons" into every community established by them. It has no counterpart in the history of any other people.

"Justification for this thought is found in the launching of a new dramatic company in Salt Lake City, composed mostly of the scions of the Kirtland and Nauvoo fathers. This was the Home Dramatic Club."

This new club, according to Superintendent Pyper, was proof enough that drama was in the blood of the pioneers, for nearly every member was a descendant of one of the original families of the Church. Members of the club gave its first performance, "The Two Orphans," in the Old Playhouse on June 16, 1879. Annie Adams, mother of Maude Adams, took the part of one of the orphans. Orson F. Whitney, later an apostle of the Church, took a leading role.

The production of "The Two Orphans," was followed by many other presentations by this same club, which proved to be popular with theatre-goers. The names of the members of this organization read like a paragraph from Church history.

During the first ten years of the existence of the Old Playhouse, traveling companies were unknown. The productions were all by stock companies, usually local, often with a visiting star or stars who remained in the city for some time as did Julia Dean Haynes and others. Later, however, traveling companies were organized. Transportation being much improved, these companies often visited Salt Lake City. As a result, the local companies began to disband.

"The thirty years following 1878 might well be called the 'golden age of the theatre.' " During that period one great road company followed another to the stage of the Old Playhouse. Some of the greatest actors of the English language visited the

"Cathedral in the Desert," and became enamored of its beauty of design, its splendid acoustical properties, and its capacious stage. It would be impossible to name all the plays or even the leading actors who visited the theatre during those glorious years of the drama.

Edwin Booth, Louis James, Henry Miller, Otis Skinner, Richard Mansfield, Robert Mantell, Charles Frohman, E. H. Sothern, John Drew, George Arliss, Blanche Bates, Georgia, Ethel, John, and Lionel Barrymore, Sarah Bernhardt, Billie Burke, Cyril Maude, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Dustin Farnum, William Farnum, William Gillette, and hosts of others, many of whose names the author has listed in chapter twenty-six, were among those who played in the Salt Lake Theatre. Truly that was a golden age. What a procession of great actors visited the famous Old Playhouse in the "City of the Saints!"

On March 7, 8, 9, and 11, 1912, the Theatre's Jubilee was celebrated. It had stood fifty years as a monument to the arts. "A triple bill for each of the four nights was provided. First, the projection on the screen of the pictures of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States when the theatre was dedicated, Queen Victoria, then ruling in England, Brigham Young and his associates, and the pioneer actors who played in the theatre half a century before. Following this were addresses by surviving players, concluding each evening with a rendition of Reginald DeKoven's "Robin Hood," by the Salt Lake Opera Company."

"Invitations were sent to all who had been present at the performance March 6th and 8th, 1862, to be the guests of the management, and some 250 responses came from people located in all parts of the intermountain region."

Mr. Pyper, himself, then the manager of the Old Playhouse, took the part of Robert of Huntington (afterwards Robin Hood) in that memorable performance. Ex-Governor Heber M. Wells, who had thrilled his audience as an actor in "home dramatic" days, read a number of letters which he had received from those who had been present on the initial opening nights of the old Theatre. Many of these brief letters are touching and all are interesting.

At that same performance Hiram B. Clawson, one of the prime movers in the building of the Theatre, was present, as was Phil Margetts, who had been one of the most popular comedians of early theatre days. Mr. Margetts and Mr. Clawson stood on the stage where fifty years before they had stood to test the acoustical properties of the Theatre. Mr. Margetts quoted from "Macbeth:"

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty space from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

The author adds: "Shakespeare's lines seemed truly and pathetically appropriate to the occasion. They were epitaphic; for it was the last time the voices of Hiram B. Clawson and Phil Margetts were heard on any earthly stage."

"Prior to the rise of the curtain on the last performance of 'Robin Hood,' " the author continues, "two telegrams were read which formed a fitting climax to the momentous celebration." One was from the manager of Maude Adams and the other was from the great star, herself, who had had her first appearance on the stage of the Old Playhouse as a baby in arms. It read:

"George D. Pyper, Manager, Salt Lake Theatre.

"With grateful loving thoughts of the dear old theatre. May she have fifty years more.—Maude Adams."

At the conclusion of his address given at the jubilee celebration, Ex-Governor Wells, seeming to sense the approaching doom of the beloved edifice, said: "In any event, let us derive a crumb of comfort from the philosophy of the poet, who said:

'You may break, you may shatter
The vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses
Will hang 'round it still.' "

In two chapters of importance, Mr. Pyper rehearses for us the influence the Old Playhouse had upon musical productions in the inter-mountain West. Fittingly, he refers to the Theatre as "A Temple of Music," for really that is what it was in addition to being a temple of drama and the dance.

The first notable performance of an opera occurred in the Theatre as early as 1868 when Perepa Rosa assisted by local talent presented scenes from "Il Trovatore," and "Don Pasquale." However, the first complete rendition of grand opera was given by the Howson Opera Company, previously referred to, in May and June, 1869.

Local organizations for the presentation of operas were effected. Among the earlier ones of these were the Salt Lake Philharmonic Society and Zion's Musical Society. These were followed by many others which gave notable presentations of the world's great music. To read the names of those who took part in these operatic presentations is to read a list of Utahns who have achieved success in music. Many of those who appeared in later productions are still known for their musical ability and are still singing, playing, and conducting.

But we are ready for the final curtain. On May 16, 1928, the parcel of land on which stood the Old Playhouse and certain stores was sold to the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company for the sum $140,000, the deed passing July 16, 1928. Soon afterward dismanteling began and the building which had stood a monument to art through all of our pioneer western history became only a beloved memory.

"Truly can it be said at this writing," says the author in his final chapter, "that the Salt Lake Theatre is the last of its kind in America. With one exception it became the country's oldest when the Boston Museum was razed. The exception is the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, though that building has now been changed so radically as to remove it from the category of old playhouses."

Since those words were penned by George D. Pyper, the Salt Lake Theatre has joined those of the past.

Mr. Pyper quotes John Ruskin: "The glory of a building is not in its stones, nor in its gold. Its glory is in its age and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay even

of approval or condemnation which we feel in the walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity."

"Judged by this standard," concludes Mr. Pyper, "the Old Playhouse has fairly won its place in the sun."

"Let us not forget," says Superintendent Pyper in his closing words, "that this romantic and hallowed Old Playhouse—this 'Cathedral in the Desert'—*has been a sacred shrine symbolizing the sentiments and ideals of our revered Pioneers; that within its walls have been developed the Community's very heart and soul!*"

Suggestions for Study

1. It might be well during this lesson to tie the study of "The Romance of An Old Playhouse," together by means of reviewing briefly its history.

2. Undoubtedly it would now be interesting to turn to that article about George D. Pyper in *The Improvement Era,* February, 1934, and review briefly that closing performance. There will be many in central wards who were present. They might be used in telling of the occasion.

3. Numbers from operas presented in the Old Playhouse might be used as musical numbers.

4. Chapter Twenty-nine—"Some Eccentricities of Genius"—in the hands of a capable person could be made humorously interesting for this lesson.

5. Chapter Twenty-eight—"Theatrical Yesterdays"—contains interesting material which might be presented appropriately; letters from those who were present on the opening nights found in Chapter Twenty-seven might prove of interest if they were carefully selected. These might be made more effective by having them written separately on sheets of paper and presented by various women as called upon.

6. Evaluate this book—"The Romance of An Old Playhouse." Can it be called a record of the artistic growth of the "Mormon" people?

Sacrament Meeting

By Wendell J. Ashton

LET us carry our minds back through the centuries to a little pastoral country of Palestine on the other side of the globe.

Suppose we are journeying with a traveler of that day, over the sands from Judea to Galilee, on the shorter route. However, most travelers use the longer route, the reason being that most of them are Jews, and the shorter route passes through Samaria. Jews will not pass over the "unclean" territory of the Samaritans, for they consider this neighboring people inferior.

As our weary wayfarer continues on his way, he pauses at a well on the outskirts of a little village called Sychar, resting near the slopes of Mount Gerizim, long a Samaritan shrine. This well is a famous watering place. It has been the source of water back through centuries. It is called Jacob's Well, named for

one of the forbears of our traveler, and is the same well that Jacob of old gave to his son, Joseph.

As our traveler sits by the well resting his tired feet, a woman comes to fill her water-jar. She is a Samaritan, but that makes no difference to our traveler. He asks of her, "Give me to drink." She hesitates, astonished that a Jew should speak to her. Catching her breath, she queries coyly: "How is it that thou, being a Jew, asketh drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans."

Momentarily forgetting his thirst, the traveler replies: "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." The woman does not understand Jesus—for that is who our traveler is. She thinks He is referring to the well, and she reminds Him that He has no bucket or cord with which to draw from the deep well, and asks Him if He is greater than Father Jacob, who gave her people the well and who drank of the well himself and who gave his cattle drink thereof.

Jesus can see that she does not catch the spiritual meaning of His words. She fails to understand His point just as the scholar, Nicodemus, did. Then He adds, "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

WE as Latter-day Saints understand what the water was which the Christ spoke of. It is His Gospel and the spirit which comes from those who drink of its freshness. There is no better place to find this soul-nourishing influence than at our sacrament meetings. Our sacrament meeting is the well. It supplies in spiritual qualities what Jacob's well provided for the home of that Samaritan woman. With her large jug she visited the well periodically—regularly. She couldn't store a large supply of water at her home for it would stagnate. The water which Jesus spoke of is the same in our lives. We cannot hope to store up enough of it during one week to last us for the whole month or the whole year. We must go to the well regularly to keep fresh spiritually.

As the water of Jacob's well was the treasured heritage of the woman or Samaria, so is the Gospel our priceless legacy. Even more pure and eternal than the sparkling water of the well, it strengthens us as it has strengthened our forbears.

If it is only to partake of the sacrament, our Sunday night meetings are necessary. Partaking of the sacrament symbolizes gratitude and covenant. Through it we express appreciation to the weary Traveler for the greatest gift ever bequeathed to mankind—the gift of resurrection and atonement for our sins which the Man of Galilee provided for us in that supreme sacrifice on a rough-hewn cross on Calvary. Through the sacrament, we covenant to show by our deeds that we sincerely are thankful for this gift of the Master. The Gospel should be the very foundation of our lives. In sacrament meetings we are reminded of the basic principles of Mormonism. They are guideposts to happiness. May we ever seek them by regular visits to the *well.*

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